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THE WORKS OF

THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

COMPLETE

in six volumes,

VOL. 1.

LALLA ROOKH.

Veiled Prophet.

NEW YORK

Published by G. Smith

1825.

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MEMOIR

OF

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

THOMAS MOORE, Esq. the only son of Mr. Garret Moore, formerly a respectable merchant in Dublin, and who still resides there, was born May 28, 1780. He has two sisters; and his infantine days seem to have left the most agreeable impressions on his memory; for in an epistle to his eldest sister, dated November, 1803, and written from Norfolk in Virginia, he retraces with delight their childhood, and describes the endearments of home, with a sensibility as exquisite as that which breathes through the lines of Cowper, on receiving his mother's picture

He acquired the rudiments of an excellent education under the care of the late Mr. Samuel White, of Dublin, a gentleman extensively known and respected as the early tutor of Sheridan. He evinced such talent in early life as determined his father to give him the advantages of a superior education, and at the early age of fourteen, he was entered a student of Trinity College, Dublin. Mr. Moore was greatly distinguished while at the Uni-

ber, 1798, Mr. Moore enter
ıber of the Honourable Society o
ple, and in the course of the year
ad completed the 20th year of his
d his translation of the "Odes o
English verse, with notes, from
vocabulary of fashion, he has ever
gnated by the appellation of Anac
arly as his twelfth year he appe
itated on executing this performa
a close version, must be confessed
ing one, of this favourite bard.
duced by a Greek ode from the
slator, and is dedicated, with pe
oyal Highness the Prince of Wa
Moore first came to London his
ance was such, that being at a le
and getting up to escort the la
ing-room, a French gentleman ch

Many of the Poems exhibit strong marks of genius, they are the productions of an age when the passions very often give a colouring too warm to the imagination, which may palliate, if it cannot excuse, that air of lubricity which pervades too many of them. In the same year, his "Philosophy of Pleasure" was advertised, but was never published.

Mr. Moore's diffidence of his poetical talents induced him to adopt, and with reluctance to reject, as a motto for this work, the quotation from Horace,

> Primum ego me illorum, quibus dederim esse poetis.
> Excerpam numera; neque enim concludere versus
> Dixeris esse satis—

and to this very day, although his reputation is so well established, he speaks of himself with his wonted modesty. "Whatever fame he might have acquired, he attributed principally to the verses which he had adopted to the delicious strains of Irish melody. His verses, in themselves, could boast of but little merit, but like flies preserved in amber, they were esteemed in consequence of the precious materials by which they were surrounded."

Mr Sheridan, in speaking on the subject of this memoir, said, "That there was no man who put so much of his heart into his fancy as Tom Moore: that his soul seemed as if it were a particle of fire separated from the Sun, and was always fluttering to get back to that source of light and heat."

Towards the autumn of 1803, Mr. Moore embarked for Bermuda, where he had obtained the appointment of Registrar to the Admiralty. This

says he, "was certainly not the motive
age to Ameri yet it happened that tl
ion of curiosity was the only advanta
lerived from it."—"Having remained al
it New-York," he continues, "where
lame the half repudiated wife of Jer
arte, and felt a slight shock of an earth
nly things that particularly awakened
on, I sailed again for Norfolk, where I
n my tour northward through Willi
ichmond," &c. In October, 1804, l
merica on his return to England in t
igate, commanded by Capt. Douglass,
is highly eulogized for his attention c
yage. In 1806 he published his rema
anners and Society of America, in a
d Odes and Epistles. The preface to
rk has sufficiently established the tale

passes much of his time in retirement near Bath, devoting himself chiefly to literary pursuits. His domestic happiness has fully satisfied his mind on the doubts raised in it by the celebrated proposition of the Love casuists, "An Formosa sit ducenda?"

Mr. Moore appears equally to have cultivated a taste for music as well as for poesy, and the late celebrated Dr. Burney was perfectly astonished at his talent, which he emphatically called "peculiarly his own." Nor has he neglected those more solid attainments which should ever distinguish the well bred gentleman, for he is an excellent general scholar, and particularly well read in the literature of the middle ages. His conversational powers are great, and his modest and unassuming manners have placed him in the highest rank of cultivated society. It is not our intention to enumerate here the various publications with which Mr. Moore has favoured the public, but shall content ourselves with noticing the most prominent, and in the foreground we would place Lalla Rookh, which if it had been his only production, would have carried his name down to posterity as one of the first bards of his time. We have been assured that the very liberal sum of three thousand guineas was given for the copyright, and from the great sale which it has experienced, the purchasers must have found it a lucrative speculation. Mr. Moore is now employing himself in editing Mr. Sheridan's works, to which will be prefixed, an essay on the genius and character of that great Statesman, to whose memory he paid a just tribute of respect immediately after his death in some beautiful lines which were print-

there is an indirect confession tha
Penny Post-Bag," and the Fudge Fa
and the same origin;

Εγω δ' ΟΜΩΡΟΖ αζας
Εδησαμην μητωπω.

We cannot conclude this brief ske
propriately, than by an account of the
on occasion of the poet's visit to Irelan
place on the 8th June, 1818, at Morri
Dublin, and was graced by a large
the most distinguished literary and
racters. The Earl of Charlemont toc
the table; Mr. Moore sat on his rig
Mr. Moore, sen. a venerable old ge
father of our Irish bard, was on his l
as the cloth was removed, *Non nobis*
sung by Messrs. Smith, Heymon, &
loyal and patriotic toasts followed.
Charlemont then proposed the memc
lamented Princess Charlotte, which

had subsided, Mr. Moore rose much affected, and spoke to the following effect:—

"I feel this the very proudest moment of my whole life; to receive such a tribute from an assembly like this around me, composed of some of the warmest and manliest hearts that Ireland can boast, is indeed a triumph that goes to my very heart, and awakens there all that an Irishman ought to feel, whom Irishmen like you have selected for such a distinction.—Were my merits a hundred times beyond what the partiality of the noble chairman has invested me with, this moment, this golden moment in my life would far exceed them all. There are some among you, gentlemen, whose friendship has been the strength and ornament, the 'dulce decus' of my existence, who however they differ from my public sentiments, have never allowed that transient ruffle on the surface to impede the progress of the deep tide of friendship beneath, men who feel that there is something more sacred than party, and whose noble natures in the worst of times, would come out of the conflict of public opinion, like pebbles out of the Ocean, but more smooth and more polished from its asperities by the very agitation in which they had been revolving. To see them beside me on a day like this, is pleasure that lies too deep for words. To the majority of you, gentlemen, I am unknown; but as your countryman, as one who has ventured to touch the chords of Ireland's Harp, and whose best fame is made out of the echoes of their sweetness; as one whose humble talents have been ever devoted, and with the blessing of God, ever shall

we have hitherto been strange
but may I not flatter myself that
new era of communion begins b
giving and receiving of a tribute
very hot-bed of the heart, forcin
feeling into a fulness of fruit whic
years of ordinary ripening to prod
not a man of you who have pledge
lowship this night, with whom I w
the privilege of grasping by the han
cordiality of a long and well cemen
I could not say more if I were to s
With a heart full as this glass, I
your kindness to me, and have the sin
tion of drinking all your healths."

Lord Allen gave 'the memory of
on which a very modest, pathetic,
speech was delivered by his
manner

es. This *jeu d' esprit* produced much merri-
and the health of the author was drank with
ise.

d Charlemont then gave 'the living Poets of
Britain,' on which Mr. Moore said,

entlemen, notwithstanding the witty song
you have just heard, and the flattering eleva-
hich the author has assigned me, I cannot al-
ch a mark of respect to be paid to the illus-
names that adorn the literature of the pre-
ay, without calling your attention awhile to
igular constellation of genius, and asking you
ell a little on the brightness of each "partic-
tar" that forms it. Can I name to you a
, without recalling to your hearts recollec-
of all that his mighty genius has awakened
his energy, his burning words, his intense
n, that disposition of fine fancy to wander
among the ruins of the heart, to dwell in
which the fire of feeling has desolated, and
e chesnut-tree, that grows best in volcanic
o luxuriate most where the conflagration of
n has left its mark? Need I mention to you
t, that fertile and fascinating writer, the ve-
n of whose mind is as rapid as that of a
rn summer, and as rich as the most golden
ts of the south, whose beautiful creations
d each other like fruits in Armida's enchanted
, 'one scarce is gathered ere another
!' Shall I recall to you a Rogers (to me en-
l by friendship as well as genius) who has
p his own name on the shrine of memory
the most imperishable tablets there. A

ous mind, like the great pool of
into its vortex not only the migh
deep, but its minute weeds and r
e, who has shewn what the more th
wer of talent can effect, by giving
n, but life and soul to subjects th
able of it. I could enumerate, g
ore, and from thence would pass w
ell upon the living poets of our own
atic powers of a Maturin and a
r consecrated by the applause of a
ron, and the latter by the tears of s
test eyes in the empire. The rich i
Philips who has courted success
one muse.—The versatile genius of
was the first that mated our sweet I
poetry worthy of their pathos and
I feel I have already trespassed too

ging some songs, in which were happily blend-
›se peculiar talents which he possesses in such
:tion.

r limits will not permit us to extend this brief
ı of Erin's favourite Bard, but the name of
e needs not the "foreign aid of ornament,"
oquence of language to set it off.—It is in the
ng lustre of his luxuriant fancy—in the vivid
lings of his sportive, yet pungent wit—in the
untameable spirit of his patriotism, that his
y is written in letters of light, which like the
d flame of the Persian devotees, posterity
preserve with the proud, but hallowed feelings
ı immortal genius alone inspires.

The spirit bright of Liberty,
For thou can'st boast a patriot Moo.

LALLA ROOKH,

AN

ORIENTAL ROMANCE.

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq.

THIS POEM IS DEDICATED,

BY HIS VERY GRATEFUL

AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

THOMAS MOORE.

May 19, 1817.

LALLA ROOKH.

IN the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdalla, King of the Lesser Bucharia, a lineal descendant from the Great Zingis, having abdicated the throne in favour of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Prophet; and, passing into India through the delightful valley of Cashmere, rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. He was entertained by Aurungzebe in a style of magnificent hospitality, worthy alike of the visitor and the host, and was afterwards escorted with the same splendour to Surat, where he embarked for Arabia. During the stay of the Royal Pilgrim at Delhi, a marriage was agreed upon between the Prince, his son, and the youngest daughter of the Emperor, LALLA ROOKH*;—a Princess described by poets of her time, as more beautiful than Lelia, Shrine, Dewildé, or any of those heroines whose names and loves embellish the songs of Persia and Hindostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere; where the young King, as soon as the cares of empire would permit, was to meet, for the first time, his lovely bride, and after a few month's repose in that enchanting valley, conduct her over the snowy hills into Bucharia.

* Tulip cheek.

water; while throug...
al children went strewing the most de
around, as in that Persian festival call
ring of the Roses*; till every part of tl
fragrant as if a caravan of musk fron
ad passed through it. The Princess,
leave of her kind father, who at partin
rnelian of Yemen round her neck, on
inscribed a verse from the Koran,—and
a considerable present to the Fakir
t up the Perpetual Lamp in her sister'
ekly ascended the palankeen prepared
l, while Aurungzebe stood to take the l
m his balcony, the procession moved s'
road to Lahore.

Seldom had the Eastern world seen a
superb. From the gardens in the subu
perial palace, it was one unbroken lin
...rance of the

massiness of their maces of gold;—the glittering of the gilt pine apples on the tops of the palankeens; —the embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their backs small turrets, in the shape of little antique temples, within which the Ladies of LALLA ROOKH lay, as it were, enshrined; the rose-coloured veils of the Princess's own sumptuous litter, at the front of which a fair young female slave sat fanning her through the curtains, with feathers of the Argus pheasant's wing; and the lovely troop of Tartarian and Cashmerian maids of honour, whom the young King had sent to accompany his bride, and who rode on each side of the litter, upon small Arabian horses;—all was brilliant, tasteful, and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious FADLADEEN, Great Nazir or Chamberlain of the Haram, who was borne in his palankeen immediately after the Princess, and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant.

FADLADEEN was a judge of every thing, from the pencilling of a Circassian's eye-lids to the deepest questions of science and literature; from the mixture of a conserve of rose-leaves to the composition of en epic poem, and such influence had his opinion upon the various tastes of the day, that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood in awe of him. His political conduct and opinions were founded upon that line of Sadi, "Should the Prince at noon day say, it is night, declare that you behold the moon and stars." And his zeal for religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector, was about as disinterested as that of the goldsmith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol of Jaghernaut.

they turned off from the nigh
ed and romantic places which had l
or her encampments, sometimes on
small rivulet, as clear as the wa
e of Pearl; sometimes under the sa
a Banyan tree, from which the view o
lade covered with antelopes; and ofl
den, embowered spots, described b
Isles of the West, as "places of
light, and safety, where all the comp
as wild peacocks and turtle doves;"
arm in these scenes, so lovely and so
hich, for a time, made her indiffere
ther amusement. But LALLA ROOKE
nd the young love variety; nor coul
ation of her ladies and the Great
'ADLADEEN, the (only persons, of cou
her pavilion,) sufficiently enliven
devoted

Delhi, who had been permitted by the Bramins of the Great Pagoda to attend her, much to the horror of the good Mussulman FADLADEEN, who could see nothing graceful or agreeable in idolaters, and to whom the very tinkling of their golden anklets was an abomination.

But these and many other diversions were repeated till they lost all their charm, and the nights and noon-days were beginning to move heavily, when at length, it was recollected that, among the attendants sent by the bridegroom was a young poet of Cashmere, much celebrated throughout the Valley for his manner of reciting the Stories of the East, on whom his Royal Master had conferred the privilege of being admitted to the pavilion of the Princess, that he might help to beguile the tediousness of the journey by some of his most agreeable recitals. At the mention of a poet FADLADEEN elevated his critical eye-brows, and, and, having refreshed his faculties with a dose of that delicious opium, which is distilled from the black poppy of the Thebais, gave orders for the minstrel to be forthwith introduced into the presence.

The Princess, who had once in her life seen a poet from behind the screens of gauze in her father's hall, and had conceived from that specimen no very favourable ideas of the Cast, expected but little in this new exhibition to interest her;—she felt inclined however to alter her opinion on the very first appearance of FERAMORZ. He was a youth about LALLA ROOKH's own age, and graceful as that idol of women, Crishna,*—such as he appears

* The Indian Apollo.

that the shawl-goats of Tibet supp
there, too, over his vest, which wa
flowered girdle of Kashan, hung
pearl, disposed with an air of studie
nor did the exquisite embroidery of
cape the observation of these fair
however they might give way to F
the unimportant topics of religion a
had the spirits of martyrs in every t
such momentous matters as jewels a

For the purpose of relieving the p
tion by music, the young Cashme
hand a kitar;---such as, in old ti
maids of the West used to listen to b
the gardens of the Alhambra---an
mised, with much humility, that th
about to relate was founded on the
that Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, w
of the Hegira 163, created such al

THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.*

In that delightful Province of the Sun,
The first of Persian lands he shines upon,
Where, all the loveliest children of his beam,
Flowrets and fruits blush over every stream,
And, fairest of all streams, the MURGA roves,
Among MEROU's† bright palaces and groves;—
There, on that throne, to which the blind belief
Of millions rais'd him, sat the Pprophet-Chief,
The Great MOKANNA. O'er his features hung
The Veil, the Silver Veil, which he had flung
In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight
His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light.
For, far less luminous, his votaries said
Were ev'n the gleams, miraculously shed
O'er MOUSSA's‡ cheek, when down the Mount he trod,
All glowing from the presence of his God!

*Khorassan signifies, in the old Persian language, Province, or Region of the sun. *Sir W. Jones.*

† One of the Royal cities of Khorassan.

‡ Moses.

make his own de
And bless the lips that d
In hatret to the Caliph's
Their vesture, helms and
Their weapons various;—
With javelins of the light
Or bows of Buffalo horn, a
Fill'd with the stems† that
While some, for war's mo
Wield the huge mace and
And, as they wave aloft in
The milk-white plumage of
Like a chenar-tree grove, w
O'er all its tufted heads his f

Between the porphyry pill
The rich moresque-work of t
Aloft the Haram's curtain'd
Where, through the silken ne
From ti

To hint that aught but Heav'n hath plac'd you
there?
Or that the loves of this light world could bind
In their gross chain, your Prophet's soaring mind?
No—wrongful thought!—commission'd from above
To people Eden's bowers with shapes of love,
(Creatures so bright, that the same lips and eyes
They wear on earth will serve in Paradise)
There to recline among Heav'n's native maids,
And crown the' Elect with bliss that never fades!—
Well hath the Prophet-Chief his bidding done;
And every beauteous race beneath the sun,
From those who kneel at BRAHMA's burning founts,*
To the fresh nymps bounding o'er YEMEN's mounts;
From PERSIA's eyes of full and fawn-like ray,
To the small, half-shut glances of KATHAY;†
And GEORGIA's bloom and AZAB's darker smiles,
And the gold ringlets of the Western Isles;
All, all are there;—each Land its flower hath given,
To form that fair young Nursery for Heaven!

But why this pageant now? this arm'd array?
What triumph crowds the rich Divan to-day
With turban'd heads, of every hue and race,
Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,
Like tulip-beds, of different shape and dyes,
Bending beneath th' invisible West-wind's sighs!
What new-made mystery now, for Faith to sign,
And blood to zeal, as genuine and divine,—
What dazzling mimickry of God's own power

*The burning fountains of Brahma near Chittagong, esteemed as holy. *Turner.*

† China.

Like war's wild planet in a s
That youth to-day,—a prosely
Of cooler spirits and less pract
Is come to join, all bravery a
The creed and standard of the

Though few his years, the W
Young AZIM's fame;—beyond t
Ere manhood darken'd o'er his
O'erwhelm'd in fight and captive
He linger'd there, till peace diss
Oh! who could, ev'n in bondage
Of glorious GREECE, nor feel his
Kindling within him? who, with h
Could walk where liberty had bee
The shining foot-prints of her Dei
Nor feel those god-like breathings
Which mutely told her spirit had l
Not he, that

Of men to Gods exalted and refin'd;—
False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,
Where earth and heav'n but *seem*, alas, to meet!—
Soon as he heard an Arm Divine was rais'd
To right the nations, and beheld, emblaz'd
On the white flag MOKANNA's host unfurl'd,
Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to the World,"
At once his faith, his sword, his soul obey'd
Th' inspiring summons; every chosen blade,
That fought beneath that banner's sacred text,
Seem'd doubly edg'd, for this world and the next:
And ne'er did Faith with her smooth bandage bind
Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind,
In virtue's cause;—never was soul inspir'd
With livelier trust in what it most desir'd,
Than his, th' enthusiast there, who kneeling, pale
With pious awe, before that Silver Veil,
Believes the form, to which he bends his knee,
Some pure, redeeming angel, sent to free
This fetter'd world from every bond and stain,
And bring its primal glories back again!

Low as young AZIM knelt, that motely crowd
Of all earth's nations sunk the knee and bow'd,
With shouts of "ALLA!" echoing long and loud;
While high in air, above the Prophet's head,
Hundreds of banners, to the sunbeam spread,
Wav'd, like the wings of the white birds that fan
The flying throne of star-taught SOLIMAN!
Then thus he spoke:—"Stranger, though new the
"frame
"Thy soul inhabits now, I've track'd its flame

"Nor think 'tis only the gross S
"With duskier fire and for earth's
"That run this course;—Beings, tl
"Thus deign through dark mortal
"Such was the Essence that in AD
"To which all Heav'n, except
"knelt:†
"Such the refin'd Intelligence that
"In MOUSSA's frame;—and, the
"flow'd
"Through many a Prophet's br
"shone,
"And in MOHAMMED burn'd; till,
"As a bright river that, from fall t
"In many a maze descending, bri
"Finds some fair region where, eac
"In one full lake of light it rests a
"That Holy Spirit, settling calm a

Again, throughout th' assembly at these words,
Thousands of voices rung; the warrior's swords,
Were pointed up to heav'n; a sudden wind
In th' open banners play'd, and from behind
Those Persian hangings, that but ill could screen
The Haram's loveliness, white hands were seen
Waving embroider'd scarves, whose motion gave
A perfume forth;—like those the Houris wave
When beckoning to their bowers th' Immortal
brave.

"But these," pursued the Chief, "are truths sub-
"lime,
"That claim a holier mood and calmer time
"Than earth allows us now;—this sword must
"first
"The darkling prison-house of mankind burst,
"Ere Peace can visit them, or Truth let in
"Her wakening day-light on a world of sin!
"But then, celestial warriors, then, when all
"Earth's shrines and thrones before our banner
"fall;
"When the glad Slave shall at these feet lay down
"His broken chain, the tyrant Lord his crown,
"The Priest his book, the Conqueror his wreath,
"And from the lips of Truth one mighty breath
"Shall like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze
"That whole dark pile of human mockeries;—
"Then shall the reign of Mind commence on
"earth,
"And starting fresh, as from a second birth,—
"Man, in the sunshine of the word's new spring,
"Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing!

"Ere the white war-plum
wave;—
"But, once my own, mine a
The Pomp is at an end,—th
Each ear and heart still hau
Of that deep voice, which thri
The young all dazzled by th
The glittering throne, and
glances;
The Old deep pondering on t
Of peace and truth; and all
Ready to risk their eyes, co
A moment on that brow's mi

But there was one, among
Who blush'd behind the gall
One, to whose soul the page
Has been like death;—you s
Ye wondering sisterhood, an

When round him hung such a perpetual spell,
Whate'er he did, none ever did so well.
Too happy days! when, if he touch'd a flower
Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that hour;
When thou didst study him, till every tone
And gesture and dear look became thy own,—
Thy voice like his, the changes of his face
In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,
Like echo, sending back sweet music, fraught
With twice th' ærial sweetness it had brought!
Yet now he comes—brighter than evén he
E'er beam'd before,—but ah! not bright for thee;
No—dread, unlook'd for, like a visitant
From th' other world, he comes as if to haunt
Thy guilty soul with dreams of lost delight,
Long lost to all but memory's aching sight:—
Sad dreams! as when the Spirit of our Youth
Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth
And innocence once ours, and leads us back,
In mournful mockery, o'er the shining tract
Of our young life, and points out every ray
Of hope and peace we've lost upon the way!

Once happy pair!—in proud BOKHARA's groves,
Who had not heard of their first youthful loves?
Born by that ancient flood,* which from its spring
In the Dark Mountains swiftly wandering,
Enrich'd by every pilgrim brook that shines
With relics from BUCHARIA's ruby mines,

* The Amoo, which rises in the Belur Tag, or Dark Mountains, and running nearly from east to west, splits into two branches, one of which falls into the Caspian sea, and the other into Aral Nahr, or the Lake of Eagles.

Upon their youth's smooth curre
But war disturb'd this vision—f
From her fond eyes, summon'd
Of PERSIA's warriors on the hill
The youth exchang'd his sylvan
For the rude tent and war-field'
His ZELICA's sweet glances for
Of Grecian wild-fire, and love's
For bleeding bondage on BYZAN

Month after month, in widowl
Drooping, the maiden saw two
Their sun's away—but, ah! how
Ev'n summer suns, when not bel
From time to time ill-omen'd rur
(Like spirit-tongues, muttering th
Just ere he dies,—) at length tho
Fell withering on her soul, "Az

And though, ere long, her sanguine spirit rose
Above the first dead pressure of its woes,
Though health and bloom return'd, the delicate chain
Of thought, once tangled, never clear'd again.
Warm, lively, soft as in youth's happiest day,
The mind was still all there, but turn'd astray;—
A wandering bark, upon whose path-way shone
All stars of heav'n, except the guiding one!
Again she smil'd, nay, much and brightly smil'd,
But 'twas a lustre, strange, unreal, wild;
And when she sung to her lute's touching strain,
'Twas like the notes, half extacy, half pain,
The bulbul* utters, e'er her soul depart,
When, vanquish'd by some minstrel's powerful art,
She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke her heart!

Such was the mood in which that mission found
Young ZELICA,—that mission, which around
The Eastern world, in every region blest
With woman's smile, sought out its loveliest,
To grace that galaxy of lips and eyes,
Which the Veil'd Prophet destin'd for the skies!—
And such quick welcome as a spark receives
Dropp'd on a bed of autumn's wither'd leaves,
Did every tale of these enthusiasts find
In the wild maiden's sorrow-blighted mind.
All fire at once the madd'ning zeal she caught;—
Elect of Paradise! blest, rapturous thought;
Predestin'd bride, in heaven's eternal dome,
Of some brave youth—ha! durst they say "of *some*?"

* The Nightingale.

. that dread hour, entirely, w

and—she believ'd, lost maid!—to h

ain, her heart, her passions all inflar

roud she stood, when in full Haram

riestess of the Faith!—how flash'd h

light, alas! that was not of the skies,

round, in trances only less than hers

saw the Haram kneel, her prostrate

pers!

l might MOKANNA think that form alo

d spells enough to make the world his

ht, lovely limbs, to which the spirit's

ve motion, airy as the dancing spray,

en from its stem the small bird wings

s in whose rosy labyrinth, when she

e soul was lost; and blushes, swift a

are the momentary meteors sent

-- th 'uncalm, but beauteous firma

-here's the h

And such was now young ZELICA—so chang'd
From her who, some years since, delighted rang'd
The almond groves, that shade BOKHARA's tide,
All life and bliss, with AZIM by her side!
So alter'd was she now, this festal day,
When, 'mid the proud Divan's dazzling array,
The vision of that Youth, whom she had lov'd,
And wept as dead, before her breath'd and mov'd;—
When—bright, she thought, as if from Eden's track
But half-way trodden, he had wander'd back
Again to earth, glistening with Eden's light—
Her beauteous AZIM shone before her sight.

Oh Reason! who shall say what spells renew,
When least we look for it, thy broken clew!
Through what small vistas o'er the darken'd brain
Thy intellectual day-beam bursts again;
And how, like forts, to which beleaguerers win
Unhop'd-for entrance through some friend within,
One clear idea, waken'd in the breast
By memory's magic, lets in all the rest!
Would it were thus, unhappy girl, with thee!
But, though light came, it came but partially;
Enough to show the maze, in which thy sense
Wander'd about,—but not to guide it thence;
Enough to glimmer o'er the yawning wave,
But not to point the harbour which might save.
Hours of delight and peace, long left behind,
With that dear form came rushing o'er her mind;
But oh! to think how deep her soul had gone
In shame and falsehood since those moments shone:
And, then, her oath—*there* madness lay again,
And, shuddering, back she sunk into her chain

And gushing warm, after a sleep of fro
Through valleys where their flow ha
lost!

Sad and subdued, for the first time h
Trembled with horror, when the summ
A summons proud and rare, which all
And she, till now, had heard with exta
To meet MOKANNA at his place of praye
A garden oratory, cool and fair,
By the stream's side, where still at clo
The Prophet of the Veil retir'd to pray
Sometimes alone—but, oftener far, wi
One chosen nymph to share his orison.

Of late none found such favour in his
As the young Priestess; and though
night
When the death-caverns echoed every

The thought, still haunting her, of that bright brow
Whose blaze, as yet from mortal eye conceal'd
Would soon, proud triumph! be to her reveal'd,
To her alone;—and then the hope, most dear,
Most wild of all, that her transgression here
Was but a passage through earth's grosser fire,
From which the spirit would at last aspire,
Ev'n purer than before,—as perfumes rise,
Through flame and smoke, most welcome to the skies—
And that when AZIM's fond, divine embrace
Should circle her in heav'n, no darkening trace
Would on that bosom he once lov'd remain,
But all be bright, be pure, be *his* gain!—
These were the wildering dreams, whose curst deceit
Had chain'd her soul beneath the tempter's feet,
And made her think ev'n damning falsehood sweet.
But now that Shape which had appall'd her view,
That Semblance—oh how terrible, if true!—
Which came across her frenzy's full career
With shock of consciousness, cold, deep, severe,
As when in nothern seas, at midnight dark,
An isle of ice encounters some swift bark,
And, startling all its wretches from their sleep,
By one cold impulse hurls them to the deep;—
So came that shock not frenzy's self could bear,
And waking up each long-lull'd image there,
But check'd her headlong soul, to sink it in despair!

Wan and dejected, through the evening dusk,

OKANNA waited ne[illegible]
[illegible] the fair-ripening future's rich suc[illegible]
o heed the sorrow, pale and spiritless,
That sat upon his victim's downcast bro[illegible]
Or mark how slow her step, how alter'd [illegible]
From the quick, ardent Priestess, whose
Came like a spirit'so'er th' unechoing g[illegible]
From that wild ZELICA, whose every gl[illegible]
Was thrilling fire, whose every thought

Upon his couch the Veiled MOKANNA [illegible]
While lamps around—not such as le[illegible]
ray,
Glimmering and cold, to those who nig[illegible]
In holy KOOM,* or MECCA's dim arcad[illegible]
But brilliant, soft, such light as lovely
Look loveliest in, shed their luxurious
Upon his mystic Veil's white glitterin[illegible]
Beside him, 'stead of beads and book
Which the world fondly thought he [illegible]
Stood Vases, fill'd with KISHMEE's [illegible]
[illegible]ppings of the SHIRA[illegible]

To freshen the soul's virtues into flower!
And still he drank and ponder'd—nor could see
Th' approaching maid, so deep his reverie;
At length, with fiendish laugh, like that which broke
From EBLIS at the Fall of Man, he spoke:—
"Yes, ye vile race, for hell's amusement given,
"Too mean for earth, yet claiming kin with heaven;
"God's images, forsooth!—such gods as he
"Whom INDIA serves, the monkey deity;*—
"Ye creatures of a breath, proud things of clay,
"To whom if LUCIFER, as grandams say,
"Refus'd, though at the forfeit of Heaven's light,
"To bend in worship, LUCIFER was right!—
"Soon shall I plant this foot upon the neck
"Of your foul race, and without fear or check,
"Luxuriating in hate, avenge my shame,
"My deep-felt, long-nurst loathing of man's name!
"Soon, at the head of myriads, blind and fierce
"As hooded falcons, through the universe
"I'll sweep my darkening, desolating way,
"Weak man my instrument, curst man my prey!

"Ye wise, ye learn'd, who grope your dull way on
"By the dimtwinkling gleams of ages gone,
"Like superstitious thieves, who think the light
"From dead men's marrow guides them best at night†—

* The god Hannaman.

† A kind of lantern formerly used by robbers, called the Hand of Glory, the candle for which was made of the fat of a dead malefactor. This, however, was rather a western than an eastern superstition.

" How I shall laug...
" In lying speech, and still more
" By these learn'd slaves, the m
" throng ;
" Their wits bought up, their
" small,
" A sceptre's puny point can wie

" Ye too, believers of incredil
" Whose faith enshrines the
" breeds ;
" Who, bolder ev'n than NEMR
" By nonsense heap'd on non
" Ye shall have miracles, aye,
" Seen, heard, attested, every
" Your preaching zealots, too
" One grace of meaning for t
" Your martyrs ready to shed
... too heavenly to

"Dark, tangled doctrines, dark as fraud can
"weave,
"Which simple votaries shall on trust receive,
"While craftier feign belief, till they believe.
"A Heav'n too ye must have, ye lords of dust,
"A splendid Paradise,—pure souls ye must:
"That Prophet ill sustains his holy call,
"Who finds not Heav'n to suit the tastes of all;
"Houris for boys, omniscience for sages,
"And wings and glories for all ranks and ages.
"Vain things!—as lust or vanity inspires,
"The Heav'n of each is but what each desires,
"And, soul or sense, whate'er the object be,
"Man would be man to all eternity!
"So let him—EBLIS! grant this crowning curse,
"But keep him what he is, no Hell were worse."—

"Oh my lost soul!" exclaim'd the shuddering
maid,
Whose ears had drunk like poison all he said,
MOKANNA started—not abash'd, afraid,—
He knew no more of fear than one who dwells
Beneath the tropics knows of icicles!
But, in those dismal words that reach'd his ear,
"Oh my lost soul!" there was a sound so drear,
So like that voice, among the sinful dead,
In which the legend o'er Hell's Gate is read,
That, new as 'twas from her, whom nought could
dim
Or sink till now, it startled even him.

"Ha, my fair Priestess!"—thus, with ready wile,
Th' impostor turn'd to greet her—"thou, whose
"smile

" art!
" What should I be without thee
" How dull were power, how joy
" Though borne by angels, if that
" Bless'd not my banner, 'twere l
" But—why so mournful, child
" shone
" All life, last-night—what!—is th
" Come, come—this morn's fatigu
" pale,
" They want rekindling—suns the
" Did not their comets bring, as
" From Light's own fount suppli
" Thou seest this cup—no juice o
" But the pure waters of that up
" Whose rills o'er ruby beds of to
" Catching the gem's bright colo
" Nightly my Genii come and fill
" Nay, drink—in every drop life

" Too rul'd by that cold enemy of bliss
" The world calls virtue—we must conquer this ;
" Nay, shrink not, pretty sage ; 'tis not for thee
" To scan the mazes of Heav'n's mystery.
" The steel must pass through fire, ere it can yield
" Fit instruments for mighty hands to wield.
" This very night I mean to try the art
" Of powerful beauty on that warrior's heart.
" All that my Haram boasts of bloom and wit,
" Of skill and charms, most rare and exquisite,
" Shall tempt the boy ;—young MIRZALA's blue
" eyes,
" Whose sleepy lid like snow on violets lies;
" AKOUYA's cheeks, warm as a spring-day sun,
" And lips that, like the seal of SOLOMON,
" Have magic in their pressure ; ZEBA's lute,
" And LILLA's dancing feet, that gleam and shoot
" Rapid and white as sea-birds o'er the deep !—
" All shall combine their witching powers to steep
" My convert's spirit in that softening trance,
" From which to Heav'n is but the next advance;—
" That glowing, yeilding fusion of the breast,
" On which Religion stamps her image best.
" But hear me, Priestess !—though each nymph of
" these
" Hath some peculiar, practised power to please,
" Some glance or step which at the mirror tried,
" First charms herself, then all the world beside ;
" There still wants *one* to make the victory sure,
" One, who in every look joins every lure ;
" Through whom all beauty's beams concenter'd
" pass,
" Dazzling and warm, as through love's burning
" glass ,

... refined enc
" This hero's vaquisher,

With her hands clasp
The maid had stood, gaz
From which these words
a fence
Of Kerzrah flow'rs, came
So boldly utter'd too! as
Of frowns from her, of vir
And the wretch felt assur
Her woman's soul would k

At first, though mute she
Seem'd all he said; nor co
beam
As yet was weak, penetrate
But when, at length, he utte
All flash'd at once, and

" To live, the wanton of a fiend! to be
" The pander of his guilt—oh infamy!
" And sunk, myself, as low as hell can steep
" In its hot flood, drag others down as deep!
" Others?—ha! yes—that youth who came to-
" day—
" *Not* him I lov'd—not him—oh! do but say
" But swear to me this moment 'tis not he,
" And I will serve dark fiend! will worship, even
" thee!"

" Beware, young raving thing!—in time beware,
" Nor utter what I cannot, must not bear
" Ev'n from *thy* lips. Go—try thy lute, thy voice,
" The boy must feel their magic—I rejoice
" To see those flies, no matter whence they rise,
" Once more illuming my fair Priestess eyes;
" And should the youth, whom soon those eyes
" shall warm,
" *Indeed* resemble thy dead lover's form,
" So much the happier wilt thou find thy doom,
" As one warm lover, full of life and bloom,
" Excels ten thousand cold one's in the tomb.
" Nay, nay, no frowning, sweet! those eyes were
" made
" For love, not anger—I must be obey'd."

" Obey'd—'tis well—yes, I deserve it all—
" On me, on me heaven's vengeance cannot fall
" Too heavily—but AZIM brave and true,
" And beautiful—must *he* be ruin'd too?
" Must *he* too, glorious as he is, be driven
" A renegade like me from Love and Heaven?

" ers,
" He loves, he loves, and can defy
" Wretch as I am, in *his* heart still
" Pure as when first we met, witho
" Though ruin'd—lost—my memo
" Left by the dead, still keeps his
" Oh ! never let him know how d
" He kiss'd at parting is dishonou
" Ne'er tell him how debas'd, ho
" Whom once he lov'd—once!—
" Thou laugh'st, tormentor,—wh
" my name ?
" Do, do—in vain—he'll not belie
" He thinks me true, that nou
" sky
" Could tempt or change me, and-
" But this is past—though wor
" lot,
" Than hell—'tis nothing, while

" And spread'st it —oh, so quick!—thro' soul and
" frame
" With more than demon's art, till I became
" A loathsome thing; all pestilence, all flame!
" If when I'm gone——"
" Hold- fearless maniac, hold,
" Nor tempt my rage—by Heav'n not half so bold
" The puny bird that dares with teazing hum
" Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws to come;*
" And so thou'l't fly, forsooth?—what give up all
" Thy chaste dominions in the Haram Hall,
" Where now to Love and now to ALLA given,
" Half mistress and half saint, thou hang'st as
" even
" As doth MEDINA's tomb, 'twixt hell and heaven;
" Thou'lt fly?—as easily may reptiles run,
" The gaunt snake hath once fix'd his eyes upon;
" As easily, when caught, the prey may be
" Pluck'd from his loving folds, as thou from me.
" No, no, 'tis fix'd—let good or ill betide,
" Thou'rt mine till death, till death MOKANNA's
" bride!
" Hast thou forgot thy oath?"—
At this dread word
The maid, whose spirit his rude taunts had stirr'd
Through all its depths, and rous'd an anger there,
That burst and lighten'd ev'n through her despair!—
Shrunk back, as if a blight were in the breath
That spoke that word, and stagger'd, pale as death.

* The ancient story concerning the trochilus, or humming bird, entering with impunity into the mouth of the crocodile, firmly believed at Java.—*Barrow's Cochin-china*

" (Immortal spirits in their tim
" From reeking shrouds upon t
" That oath thou heardst more
" peat—
" That cup—thou shudderest, I
" That cup we pledg'd, the ch
" Hath bound thee—aye—bod
" Bound thee by chains that, wl
" No matter now, not hell itsel
" Hence, woman, to the Haran
" Look wild, look—any thing b
" One moment more—from wl
" pass'd,
" I see that thou know'st me, k
" last,
" Ha! ha! and so, fond thing,
" true,
" And that I love mankind!—

" And, now thou see'st my *soul's* angelic hue,
" 'Tis time those *features* were uncurtain'd too;—
" This brow, whose light—oh rare celestial light!
" Hath been reserv'd to bless thy favour'd sight!
" These dazzling eyes before whose shrouded
" might
" Thou'st seen immortal man kneel down and
" quake—
" Would that they *were* Heaven's lightnings for
" his sake!
" But turn and look—then wonder, if thou wilt,
" That I should hate, should take revenge, by
" guilt,
" Upon the hand, whose mischief or whose mirth
" Sent me thus maim'd and monstrous upon earth;
" And on that race who, though more vile they be
" Than mowing apes are demi-gods to me!
" Here, judge, if Hell with all its power to damn,
" Can add one curse to the foul thing I am!"—
He rais'd his veil—the Maid turn'd slowly round
Look'd at him—shriek'd—and sunk upon the
ground.

But a more perilous trial waits the
Woman's bright eyes, a dazzling l
From every land where woman s
Of every hue, as Love may chanc
His black or azure banner in thei
And each sweet mode of warfare,
That lightens boldly through the
To the sly, stealing splendours, al
Like swords, half-sheath'd, beneatl
Such, AZIM, is the lovely luminou
Now led against thee; and let co
Their fields of fame, he who in vi
A young, warm spirit against bea
Who feels her brightness, yet defi
Is the best, bravest conqueror of th

Now, through the Haram chambe
And busy shapes proclaim the toil
From room to room the ready ha

While some bring leaves of Henna to imbue
The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue,*
So bright, that in the mirror's depth they seem
Like tips of coral branches in the stream;
And others mix the Kohol's jetty dye,
To give that long, dark languish to the eye,†
Which makes the maids, whom kings are proud to cull
From far CIRCASSIA's vales, so beautiful!

All is in motion; rings and plumes and pearls
Are shining every where:—some younger girls
Are gone by moonlight to the garden beds,
To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their heads;
Gay creatures! sweet, though mournful 'tis to see
How each prefers a garland from that tree
Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day,
And the dear fields and friendships far away.
The maid of INDIA, blest again to hold
In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold,‡
Thinks of the time when, by the GANGE's flood,
Her little play-mates scatter'd many a bud
Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam
Just dripping from the consecrated stream;

* They tinged the ends of her fingers scarlet with Henna, so that they resembled branches of coral."—*Story of Prince Futtun in Bahardanush.*

† "The women black the inside of their eyelids with a powder named the black Cohol."—*Russel.*

‡ The appearance of the blossoms of the gold-coloured Campac on the black hair of the Indian women, has supplied the Sanscrit Poets with many elegant allusions."—v. *Asiatic Researches*, vol. iv.

And wishes even its sorrows

Mean while, through vast
Silent and bright, where not
Of fragrant waters, gushing
From many a jasper fount is
Young AZIM roams bewilder
What means this maze of lig
Here the way leads, o'er tess
Or mats of CAIRO, through lo
Where, ranged in cassolets a
Sweet wood of aloe or of sand
And spicy rods, such as illum
The bowers of TIBET,‡ send f
Like Perri's wands, when poi
For some pure Spirit to its bl
And here, at once, the glitterin
Bursts on his sight, boundless

Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays
In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays
High as th' enamell'd cupola, which towers
All rich with Arabesques of gold and flowers;
And the mosaic floor beneath shines through
The sprinkling of that fountain's silvery dew,
Like the wet, glistening shells, of every dye,
That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here too he traces the kind visitings
Of woman's love in those fair, living things
Of land and wave, whose fate,—in bondage thrown
For their weak loveliness—is like her own!
On one side gleaming with a sudded grace
Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase
In which it undulates, small fishes shine,
Like golden ingots from a fairy mine;
While, on the other, lattic'd lightly in
With odoriferous woods of CAMORIN,*
Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen;—
Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between
The crimson blossoms of the coral tree†
In the warm isles of India's sunny sea:
Mecca's blue sacred pigeon,‡ and the thrush
Of Indostan, § whose holy warblings gush,

*C'est d'où vient le bois d'aloes, que les Arabes appellent Oud Comari, et celui du sandal, qui s'y trouve en grande quantité.—*D'Herbelot.*

† "Thousands of variegated loories visit the coral trees."
Barrow.

‡ "In Mecca, there are quantities of blue pigeons, which none will affright or abuse, much less kill."
Pitt's Account of the Mahometans.

§ "The Pagoda Thrush is esteemed among the first choristers of India. It sits perched on the sacred Pagodas and from thence delivers its melodious song."—*Pennant's Hindostan.*

Through every sense.
round,
Like a pervading spirit;—
Of falling waters, lulling
Of Indian bees at sunset,
Around the fragrant NILIC
In its blue blossoms hum t
And music too—dear music
Beyond all else the soul tha
Now heard far off, so far a
Like the faint, exquisite mu
All was too much for him, t
The heart could nothing fee
Soften'd he sunk upon a cou
His soul up to sweet thought
Succeeding in smooth seas,
He thought of ZELICA, his ow
And of the time when, full o
They

"Are with me, round me wander where I will—
"It is for thee, for thee alone I seek
"The paths of glory—to light up thy cheek
"With warm approval—in that gentle look,
"To read my praise, as in an angel's book,
"And think all toils rewarded, when from thee
"I gain a smile, worth immortality!
"How shall I bear the moment, when restore'd
"To that young heart where I alone am Lord,
"Though of such bliss unworthy,—since the best
"Alone deserve to be the happiest!—
"When from those lips, unbreath'd upon for years,
"I shall again kiss off the soul-felt tears,
"And find those tears warm as when last they star-
"ted,
"Those sacred kisses pure as when we parted!
"Oh my own life!—why should a single day,
"A moment keep me from those arms away?"

While thus he thinks, still nearer on the breeze
Come those delicious, dream-like harmonies,
Each note of which but adds new, downy links
To the soft chain in which his spirits sinks.
He turns him tow'rd the sound, and, far away
Through a long vista, sparkling with the play
Of countless lamps,—like the rich track which
Day
Leaves on the waters, when he sinks from us;
So long the path, its light so tremulous;—
He sees a group of female forms advance,
Some chain'd together in the mazy dance
By fetters, forg'd in the green sunny bowers,
As they were captives to the King of Flowers;—

... their own youthful voic
And now they come, now p
Forms such as Nature mou
With Fancy's pencil and ga
Lovely beyond its fairest pi
Awhile they dance before hi
Breaking, like rosy clouds a
Around the rich pavillion of
Till silently dispersing, one h
Through many a path that fr
To gardens, terraces, and mo
Their distant laughter comes
And but one trembling nymp
Beck'ning them back in vain,
And she is left in all that light
No veil to curtain o'er her bea
In its young bashfulness more
But a light, golden chain-work
Such as the maid...

Which once or twice, she touch'd with hurried strain,
Then took her trembling fingers off again.
But when at length a timid glance she stole
At AZIM, the sweet gravity of soul
She saw through all his features calm'd her fear,
And, like a half-tam'd antelope, more near,
Though shrinking still she came;—then sat her down
Upon a musnud's* edge, and, bolder grown,
In the pathetic mode of ISFAHAN†
Touch'd a preluding strain, and thus began:—

There's a bower of roses by BENDEMEER's‡ stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.
That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think—is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm BENDEMEER?
No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave
But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly they shone,

* Musnuds are cushioned seats, usually reserved for persons of distinction.

† The Persians, like the ancient Greeks, call their musical modes or Perdas by the names of different countries or cities, as the mode of Isfahan, the mode of Irak, etc.

‡ A river which flows near the ruins of Chilminar.

essence that breat
Thus bright to my soul,
Is that bower on the
MEER!

"Poor maiden!" thought
"sent,
"With thy soft lute and be
"To wake unholy wishes i
"Or tempt its truth, thou li
"For though thy lip should
"Those vestal eyes would d
"But though last breath'd s
"Returns so fondly to youth
"And lends thy soul—if e'er
"So gently back to its first i
"That I would sooner stop th
"When swift returning to its
"And round its snowy

And now the curtains fly apart, and in
From the cool air, 'mid showers of jessamine
Which those without fling after them in play,
Two lightsome maidens spring, lightsome as they
Who live in th' air on odours, and around
The bright saloon, scarce conscious of the ground,
Chase one another in a varying dance
Of mirth and languor, coyness and advance,
Too eloquently like love's warm pursuit :—
While she, who sung so gently to the lute
Her dream of home, steals timidly away,
Shrinking as violets do in summer's ray,—
But takes with her from AZIM's heart that sigh
We sometimes give to forms that pass us by
In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,
Creatures of light we never see again!

Around the white necks of the nymphs who danc'd
Hung carcanets of orient gems, that glanc'd
More brilliant than the sea-glass glittering o'er
The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore;*
While from their long, dark tresses, in a fall
Of curls descending, bells as musical
As those that, on the golden-shafted trees
Of EDEN, shake in the Eternal Breeze,†

* "To the north of us, [on the coast of the Caspian, near Badku] was a mountain which sparkled like diamonds, arising from the sea glass and crystals, with which it abounds." *Journey of the Russian Ambassador to Persia.* 1746.

† "To which will be added, the sound of the bells, hanging on the trees, which will be put in motion by the wind proceeding from the throne of God, as often as the blessed wish for music." *Sale.*

... the cool caser
Of moonlight flowers, n
From some still lake, so
And, as it swell'd again
The ear could track thro
And young sweet voices, i

—

A Spirit there is, who
Is burning now throu
Where cheeks are blusl
Where lips are meetin

His breath is the soul of
And his floating eyes–
Blue water-lilies,* when
Is making the stream a

Hail to thee, hail to thee
Sprit of Love, ...

By the tear that shows
When the passion is nigh,
As the rain-drop flows
From the heat of the sky!

By the first love-beat
Of the youthful heart,
By the bliss to meet,
And the pain to part!

By all that thou hast
To mortals given,
Which—oh! could it last,
This earth were heaven!

all thee hither, entrancing Power!
irit of Love, Spirit of bliss!
holiest time is the moonlight hour!
d there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

---

tient of a scene, whose luxuries stole,
f himself, too deep into his soul,
here, midst all that the young heart loves
most,
s, music, smiles, to yield was to be lost,
uth had started up and turn'd away
he light nymphs and their luxurious lay,
se upon the pictures that hung round,—
images, that spoke without a sound,
ews, like vistas into fairy ground.
re again new spells came o'er his sense;—
it the pencil's mute omnipotence
call up into life, of soft and fair,
d and passionate, was glowing there;

[illegible] through each g[illegible]
With her from SABA's l[illegible]
He read that to be bles[illegible]
Here fond ZULEIKA† wo[illegible]
The Hebrew boy, who fl[illegible]
Yet, flying, turns to gaz[illegible]
Wishes that Heav'n and [illegible]
And here MOHAMMED, bc[illegible]
Forgets the Koran in his [illegible]
Then beckons some kind [illegible]
With a new text to conse[illegible]
With rapid step, yet ple[illegible]
Did the youth pass these [illegible]
And hasten'd to a casemei[illegible]
Of the calm moon came in,
The fields without were se[illegible]
As if no life remain'd in br[illegible]

* For the loves of Kin[illegible]

Here paus'd he, while the music, now less near,
Breath'd with a holier language on his ear.
As though the distance and that heavenly ray
Through which the sounds came floating took away
All that had been too earthly in the lay.
Oh! could he listen to such sounds unmov'd,
And by that light—nor dream of her he lov'd?
Dream on, unconscious boy! while yet thou may'st:
'Tis the last bliss thy soul shall ever taste.
Clasp yet awhile her image to thy heart,
Ere all the light, that made it dear, depart.
Think of her smiles as when thou saw'st them last,
Clear beautiful, by naught of earth o'ercast;
Recall her tears, to thee at parting given,
Pure as they weep *if* angels weep, in heaven!
Think in her own still bower she waits thee now,
With the same glow of heart and bloom of brow,
Yet shrin'd in solitude—thine all, thine only,
Like the one star above thee, bright and lonely!
Oh that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,
Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd!
The song is hush'd, the laughing nymphs are flown,
And he is left, musing of bliss, alone;—
Alone?—no, not alone—that heavy sigh,
That sob of grief, which broke from some one nigh—
Whose could it be?—alas! is misery found
Here, even here, on this enchanted ground?
He turns, and sees a female form, close veil'd,
Leaning, as if both heart and strength had fail'd,
Against a pillar near;—not glittering o'er
With gems and wreaths, such as the other wore,

A strange emotion stir:
Than mere compassion e
Unconsciously he opes his
Springs forward, as with l
But, swooning in that one
Sinks, ere she reach his ar
Her veil falls off—her faint
'Tis she herself!—'tis ZELIC
But, ah, so pale, so chang'd
Could in that wreck of beau
The once ador'd divinity! ev
Stood for some moments mu
Put back the ringlets from he
Upon those lids, where once s
Ere he could think she was *in*
Own darling maid, whom he
In joy and sorrow, beautiful i
Who, ev'n when

"Look up my ZELICA—one moment show
'Those gentle eyes to me, that I may know
'Thy life, thy loveliness is not all gone,
'But *there*, at least, shines as it ever shone,
'Come, look upon thy AZIM—one dear glance,
'Like those of old, were heav'n! whatever chance
'Hath brought thee here, oh! 'twas a blessed one!
'There—my sweet lids—they move—that kiss hath run
'Like the first shoot of life through every vein,
'And now I clasp her, mine, all mine again!
'Oh the delight—now, in this very hour,
'When had the whole rich world been in my power,
'I should have singled out thee, only thee,
'From the whole world's collected treasury—
'To have thee here—to hang thus fondly o'er
'My own best purest ZELICA once more!"

It was indeed the touch of those lov'd lips
Upon her eyes that chas'd their short eclipse,
And, gradual as the snow, at heaven's breath,
Melts off and shows the azure flowers beneath,
Her lids unclos'd, and the bright eyes were seen
Gazing on his,—not, as they late had been,
Quick, restless, wild, but mournfully serene;
As if to lie, ev'n for that tranced minute,
So near his heart, had consolation in it;
And thus to wake in his belov'd caress
Took from her soul one half its wretchedness.
But, when she heard him call her good and pure,
Oh 'twas too much—too dreadful to endure!
Shuddering she broke away from his embrace,
And, hiding with both hands her guilty face,

Where once, had he thus met
He would have seen himself,
Reflected in a thousand lights
And then the place, that brigh
Where vice lay hid beneath ea
And charm of luxury, as the vi
Its wily covering of sweet balsa
All struck upon his heart, sudd
As death itself;—it needs not to
No, no—he sees it all, plain as t
Of burning shame can mark—w
That could from heav'n and hi
sever,
'Tis done—to heav'n and him sh
It was a dreadful moment; not t
The lingering, lasting misery of y
Could match that minute's anguis
Of sorrows elements in that dark

hink not that guilt, that falsehood made me fall
'o no—'twas grief, 'twas madness did it all!
ay, doubt me not—though all thy love hath
"ceas'd—
know it hath—yet, yet believe, at least,
hat every spark of reason's light must be
uench'd in this brain, ere I could stray from
"thee?
hey told me thou wert dead—why, Azim, why,
id we not both of us, that instant die
'hen we were parted?—oh could'st thou but
"know
'ith what a deep devotedness of woe
wept thy absence—o'er and o'er again
hinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew
"pain,
nd memory, like a drop that, night and day,
alls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away!
idst thou but know how pale I sat at home,
y eyes still turn'd the way thou wert to come,
nd all the long, long night of hope and fear,
hy voice and step still sounding in my ear—
h God! thou would'st not wonder that, at last,
'hen every hope was all at once o'ercast,
'hen I heard frightful voices round me say
Azim is dead!—this wretched brain gave way,
nd I became a wreck, at random driven,
'ithout one glimpse of reason or of Heaven—
ll wild—and ev'n this quenchless love within
urn'd to foul fires to light me into sin!
hou pitiest me—I knew thou would'st—that sky
ath nought beneath it half so lorn as I.
he fiend, who lur'd me hither—hist! come near,

"Think, think how lost, how pure
"To hope that guilt could le
"Thou weep'st for me—do,
"Kiss off that tear! but, no—
"They must not touch thee;—
"One blessed moment of forg
"I've had within those arms,
"Shrin'd in my soul's deep m
"The last of joy's last relics he
"The one sweet drop, in all th
"My heart has treasur'd from
"To soothe and cool its deadly
"But thou—yes, thou must go—
"This place is not for thee—fo
"Did I but tell thee half, thy to
"Would burn like mine, and mi
"Enough, that Guilt reigns here
"good,
"Now tainted

Almost to madness—"by that sacred Heav'n,
"Where yet, if pray'rs can move, thou'l't be for-
"given,
"As thou art here—here, in this writhing heart,
"All sinful, wild and ruin'd as thou art!
"By the remembrance of our once pure love
"Which, like a church-yard light, still burns above
"The grave of our lost souls—which guilt in thee
"Cannot extinguish, nor despair in me!
"I do conjure, implore thee to fly hence—
"If thou hast yet one spark of innocence,
"Fly with me from this place,———"
"With thee! oh bliss,
"'Tis worth whole years of torment to hear this.
"What! take the lost one with thee?—let her rove
"By thy dear side, as in those days of love,
"When we were both so happy, both so pure—
"Too heavenly dream! if there's on earth a cure
"For the sunk heart, 'tis this—day after day
"To be the blest companion of thy way;—
"To hear thy angel eloquence—to see
"Those virtuous eyes for ever turn'd on me;
"And in their light re-chasten'd silently,
"Like the stain'd web that whitens in the sun,
"Grow pure by being purely shone upon!
"And thou wilt pray for me—I know thou wilt—
"At the dim vesper hour, when thoughts of guilt
"Come heaviest o'er the heart, thou'lt lift thine
"eyes,
"Full of sweet tears, unto the darkening skies,
"And plead for me with Heav'n, till I can dare
"To fix my own weak, sinful glances there;—
"Till the good angels, when they see me cling

breathless words, w
dread
As that of MONKER, waking
From their first sleep—so s
Rung through the casement
"oath!"
Oh Heav'n, the ghastliness c
"'Tis he," faintly she cried, w
Her inmost core, nor durst s
Though through the casem
the skies
And moon-light fields were s
"'Tis he, and I am his—all, all
"Go—fly this instant, or thou
"My oath, my oath, oh God!
"True as the worm in this colc
"I am MOKANNA's bride—his,
"The Dead stood round us, wh
"Their blue lips

'or Heav'n's nor Love's, nor aught that is divine—
:old me not—ha!—think'st thou the fiends that "sever
earts, cannot sunder hands?—thus, then—for "ever!"

Vith all that strength, which madness lends the weak,
flung away his arm; and with a shriek,—
ose sound, though he should linger out more years
n wretch e'er told, can never leave his ears,—
w up through that long avenue of light,
atly as some dark, ominous bird of night,
oss the sun, and soon was out of sight!

have been just such a youth as r
worthy to enjoy all the blessings, v
pangs, of that illusive passion, whi
the sunny apples of Istakar, is all
side, and all bitterness on the oth

As they passed along a sequester
set, they saw a young Hindoo gi
whose employment seemed to the
they stopped their palankeens to
had lighted a small lamp, filled v
and placing it in an earthen dish
wreath of flowers, had committed i
hand to the stream, and was now a
its progress down the current, he
cavalcade which had drawn up be
ROOKH was all curiosity;—when
dants, who had lived upon the ban
(where this ceremony is so freque
the dusk of the evening, the river

ımels and their driver's songs ;—
arms, and flapping in the breeze
:rs from ten thousand canopies ;—
:, bursting out from time to time
and Tymbalon's tremendous chime;—
pause, when harsher sounds are mute,
v breathings of some horn or flute,
f, broken by the eagle note
ssinian trumpet,* swell and float ?]

ds this mighty army ?—ask ye "who?"
ye not those banners of dark hue,
and Shadow,† over yonder tent?—
ALIPH's glorious armament.
his Palace by the dread alarms,
ly came, of the false Prophet's arms,
host of infidels, who hurl'd
ierce at Islam‡ and the world ;—
orn with Geecian warfare, and behind
of his bright Palace calm reclin'd,
d he not such blasphemy should stain,
veng'd, the evening of his reign,
g sworn upon the Holy Grave§

rumpet is often called in Abyssinia, *nesser cano*,
es the note of the Eagle." *Note of Bruce's ed.*

black standards borne before the Caliphs of the
bbas were called allegorically, the Night and the
Gibbon.

ometan Religion.

ersians swear by the Tomb of Shah Besade, who
Casbin ; and when one desires another to asser-
r, he will ask if he dare swear by the Holy Grave.
Struy.

Of him who, in the twinkling
Built the high pillar'd halls of
Had conjur'd up, far as the e
This world of tents and dom
mory !—
Princely pavilions, screen'd b
Of crimson cloth, and topp'd w
Steeds, with their housings of
Their chains and poitrels glitte
And camels, tufted o'er with Y
Shaking in every breeze their

But yester-eve, so motionles
So mute was this wide plain, t
But the far torrent, or the locus
Hunting among the thickets; co
Yet hark ! what discords now,
Shouts, laughs, and screams a
wind !

laden camels and their driver's songs ;—
ıging of arms, and flapping in the breeze
streamers from ten thousand canopies ;—
ır-music, bursting out from time to time
th gong and Tymbalon's tremendous chime;—
, in the pause, when harsher sounds are mute,
e mellow breathings of some horn or flute,
at far off, broken by the eagle note
th' Abyssinian trumpet,* swell and float ?

Who leads this mighty army ?—ask ye "who?"
ıd mark ye not those banners of dark hue,
e Night and Shadow,† over yonder tent?—
is the CALIPH's glorious armament.
us'd in his Palace by the dread alarms,
at hourly came, of the false Prophet's arms,
ıd of his host of infidels, who hurl'd
fiance fierce at Islam‡ and the world ;—
ough worn with Geecian warfare, and behind
e veils of his bright Palace calm reclin'd,
t brook'd he not such blasphemy should stain,
ıs unreveng'd, the evening of his reign,
t, having sworn upon the Holy Grave§

" This trumpet is often called in Abyssinia, *nesser cano*, ch signifies the note of the Eagle." *Note of Bruce's ed-*

The two black standards borne before the Caliphs of the ıse of Abbas were called allegorically, the Night and the dow, v. *Gibbon*.

The Mahometan Religion.

" The Persians swear by the Tomb of Shah Besade, who urried at Casbin ; and when one desires another to asser- a matter, he will ask if he dare swear by the Holy Grave. *Struy.*

Where aged saints in d
From BADKU, and thos
That burn into the CAS
Careless for what or wl
So vengeance triump'd

Such was the wild ar
That high in air their n
Around the Prophet Ch
Upon that glittering Ve
That beacon through th

* The Ghebers or Guebres who adhered to their ancien and who, after the conquest were either persecuted at ho abroad.

† "Yezd, the chief resider worship the Sun and the Fire kept lighted, without being

That rainbow of the field, whose showers were
blood!
Twice hath the Sun upon their conflict set,
And ris'n again, and found them grappling yet;
While steams of carnage, in his noon-tide blaze,
Smoke up to heav'n—hot as that crimson haze,
By which the prostrate Caravan is aw'd,
In the red Desert, when the wind's abroad!
"On, Swords of God!" the panting CALIPH calls,—
"Thrones for the living—Heav'n for him who falls!"
"On, brave avengers, on," MOKANNA cries,
"And EBLIS blast the recreant slave that flies!"
Now comes the brunt, the crisis of the day—
They clash—they strive—the CALIPH's troops give
way!
MOKANNA's self plucks the black Banner down,
And now the Orient World's imperial crown
Is just within his grasp—when, hark, that shout!
Some hand hath check'd the flying Moslem's rout,
And now they turn, they rally—at their head
A warrior, (like those angel youths who led,
In glorious panoply of heav'n's own mail,
The Champions of the Faith through BEDAR's
vale,)*
Bold as if gifted with ten thousand lives,
Turns on the fierce pursuers' blades, and drives
At once the multitudinous torrent back,
While hope and courage kindle in his tract.

* In the great victory gained by Mahomed at Bedar, he was assisted, say the Mussulmans, by three thousand angels, led by Gabriel, mounted on his horse Hiazum. *The Koran and its Commentators.*

... promiscuously to al
To foes that charge and coward
And seems of all the Great Arch-
The panic spreads—" a miracle
The Moslem ranks, " a miracle !
All gazing on that youth, whose
A light, a glory, such as breaks in
And every sword, true as o'er bil
The needle tracks the load-star, fo

Right tow'rds MOKANNA now he
Impatient cleaves, as though the bo
He bears from Heav'n withheld its
From weaker heads, and souls bu
curst,
To break o'er Him, the mightiest an
But vain his speed—though, in that l
Had all God's seraphs round MOKAN
With swords of fire ...

ı tiger, whom the torrents might
in some parch'd ravine at night,
/'n in drowning, on the wretched flocks
th him in that snow-flood from the rocks,
he last, devouring on his way,
the stream he hath not power to stay!

l Alla!"—the glad shout renew—
bar!"*—the Caliph's in MEROU.
your gilded tapestry in the streets,
your shrines and chaunt your ziraleets;†
ds of God have triumph'd—on his throne
iph sits, and the Veil'd Chief hath flown.
s not envy that young warrior now,
ı the Lord of Islam bends his brow,
graceful gratitude of power,
ırone's safety in that perilous hour?
ı not wonder, when, amidst th' acclaim
ıds, heralding to heaven his name—
hose holier harmonies of fame,
und along the path of virtuous souls,
ic round a planet as it rolls!
away coldly, as if some gloom
r his heart no triumphs can illume;—
htless grief, upon whose blasted gaze
;lory's light may play, in vain it plays!
:hed AZIM? thine is such grief,
.ll hope, all terror, all relief;

ebir, or cry of the Arabs, "Alla Akbar!" says
means God is most mighty."
alect is a kind of chorus, which the women of the
pon joyful occasions.

It broke at once, when all seem'd
When hope look'd up, and saw th
Melt into plendour, and Bliss daw
Twas then ev'n then o'er joys so
This mortal blight of misery came
Ev'n then, the full, warm gushing
Were check'd—like faint-drops,
start!
And there, like them, cold, sunless
Each fix'd and chill'd into a lasting

One sole desire, one passion now
To keep life's fever still within his v
Vengeance!—dire vengeance on the
O'er him and all he lov'd that ruino
For this, when rumours reach'd him
Far, far away, after that fatal night,
Rumours of armies, thronging to th'
Of the Veil'd Chief—for this

-like lightning-fire
vengeance, and expire!

Spirit of Evil lives;
desperate fugatives,
. fragment, left unriven,
late stood fronting heaven.
·ath'd a short curse of blood
·en pass'd the JIHON's flood
se madness of belief
ıeir down-fall'n Chief,
within NEKSHEB's gates,†
ı' approaching conqueror

that busy hive,
·veets sparkling alive,
·rtner of his flight,
:or her beauty's light—
ring midst the gay,
: fell yesterday
dies, while overhead
ıs springing in its stead!‡
!eepest Damn'd must be
glory, ere such fiends as
·f love's divinity!

† A city of Trasnoxiania.

vour eyes on this tree, but you meet
·uit; and as the blossom drops under-
:ch is frequently covered with these
· others come forth in their stead,"

Of damning sins, seal'd with s
This is his triumph; this the jo
That ranks him among demons
This gives the victim, that befo
Blighted and lost, a glory in his
A light like that with which hel
The ghastly, writhing wretch wh

But other tasks now wait him—
All the deep daringness of thoug
With which the Dives* have gifte
Over yon plains, which night had
Those lanterns, countless as the w
That spangle INDIA's fields on sho
Far as their formidable gleams th
The mighty tents of the beleagure
Glimmering along th' horizon's du
And thence in nearer circles, till th
Among th

ıy, smiles to think that, though entoil'd, beset,
ɔt less than myriads dare to front him yet;—
ıat friendless, throneless, he thus stands at bay,
r'n thus a match for myriads such as they!
Oh! for a sweep of that dark Angel's wing,
Who brush'd the thousands of th' Assyrian King*
To darkness in a moment, that I might
People Hell's chambers with yon host to-night!
But come what may, let who will grasp the throne,
Caliph or Prophet, Man alike shall groan;
Let who will torture him, Priest—Caliph—King—
Alike this loathsome world of his shall ring
With victims' shrieks and howlings of the slave,—
Sounds, that shall glad me ev'n within my grave."
hus to himself—but to the scanty train
till left around him, a far different strain:—
Glorious defenders of the sacred Crown
I bear from Heav'n, whose light nor blood shall
"drown
Nor shadow of earth eclipse;—before whose gems
The paly pomp of this world's diadems,
The crown of GERASHID, the pillar'd throne
Of PARVIZ,† and the heron crest that shone,‡

* Sennacherib, called by the orientals King of Moussal.—
'*Herbelot.*

† Chosroes. For the description of his Throne or Palace,
Gibbon and *D'Herbelot.*

‡ The crown of Gerashid is cloudy and tarnished before the
eron tuft of thy turban."—From one of the elegies or songs in
raise of Ali, written in characters of gold round the gallery
f Abbas's tomb.—v. Chardin.

"Of her great foe fall broken i
"When the moon's mighty ort
"From NEKSHEB's Holy well
"rise!
"Now turn and see!"—
They turn'd,
A sudden splendour all around t
And they beheld an orb, ample
Rise from the Holy Well, and c
Round the rich city and the plai
Flinging such radiance o'er the g
Of many a dome and fair-roof'd i
As autumn suns shed round them
Instant from all who saw th' illusi
A murmur broke—"Miraculous!
The Gheber bow'd, thinking his id
Had wak'd, and burst impatient th
Of midnight, to inflame him to the

he of MOUSSA's creed saw, in that ray
lorious Light which, in his freedom's day,
ested on the Ark,* and now again
out to bless the breaking of his chain!

› victory!" is at once the cry of all—
ands MOKANNA loitering at that call;
stant the huge gates are flung aside,
›rth, like a diminutive mountain tide
ıe boundless sea, they speed their course
on into the MOSLEM's mighty force.
'atchmen of the camp,—who, in their rounds,
ıaus'd and ev'n forgot the punctual sounds
e small drum with which they count the
night,†
ze upon that supernatural light,—
ɜink beneath an unexpected arm,
ı a death-groan give their last alarm.
or the lamps, that light yon lofty screen,‡
blunt your blades with massacre so mean;
re rests the CALIPH—speed—one lucky lance
now achieve mankind's deliverance!"
rate the die—such as they only cast,
venture for a world, and stake their last.
ate's no longer with him—blade for blade
gs up to meet them through the glimmering
shade,

ɜ Shechinah, called Sakinat in the Koran.——v. *Sale's* hap. ii.

› parts of the night are made known as well by instru- ›f music, as by the rounds of the watchmen with cries all drums.—v. Burder's Oriental Customs, vol. ii, p. 119.

ɜ Serrapurda, high screens of red cloth, stiffened with sed to inclose a considerable space round the royal *Notes on the Bahardanush.*

Among the last of whom, the s
Is seen glittering at times, like
Of some toss'd vessel, on a stor
Catching the tempest's moment

And hath not *this* brought the
Nor dash'd his brow, nor check'
Though half the wretches, whom
To thrones and victory, lie disgr
Yet morning hears him, with uns
Still vaunt of thrones, and victor
And they believe him!—oh, the l
Distrust that look which steals his
The babe may cease to think that
With heaven's rainbow;—alchymi
The shining gold their crucible gi
But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wed
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to

:LICA! had reason been
'ough half the horrors thou hast seen
r couldst have borne it—Death had come.
.d taken thy wrung spirit home.
ıot so—a torpor, a suspense
, almost of life, came o'er th' intense
ınate struggles of that fearful night,
ast hope of peace and heav'n took flight:
h, at times, a gleam of frenzy broke,—
ı some dull volcano's veil of smoke
lashings now and then will start,
ıw the fire's still busy at its heart;
e mostly wrapp'd in sullen gloom,—
ıs AZIM's brooding o'er its doom,
without, as is the brow of death,
y worms are gnawing underneath!—
ank and pulseless torpor, free
ıght or pain, a seal'd up apathy,
her oft, with scarce one living thrill,
ıale victim of her torturer's will.

ıs in MEROU, he had her deck'd
y out, the Priestess of the sect;
er glittering forth before the eyes
e train, as to a sacrifice;
he, the young, devoted Bride
'ce NILE, when deck'd, in all the pride
pomp, she sinks into his tide!*

ım still subsisting at this day, seems to me to prove
yptians formerly sacrificed a young virgin to the
Nile; for they now make a statue of earth in shape
which they give the name of the Betrothed Bride,
t into the river."—*Savary.*

323652

... soul was rous'd, and words o
Instant the bold blasphemer woul
Her ravings into oracles of fate,
Would hail heav'n's signals in her
And call her shrieks the language

But vain at length his arts—desp
Gathering around; and famine con
All that th. sword had left unreap'd
At morn and eve across the norther
He looks impatient for the promis'd
Of the wild Hordes and TARTAR mo
They come not—while his fierce bele
Engines of havoc in, unknown before
And horrible as new;*—javelins, tha
Enwreath'd with smoky flames thro
sky,
And red-hot globes that, opening as t
Discharge, as from ...

ild birds* that by the Magians oft,
of fire, were sent aloft
with blazing faggots tied
e wings, scattering combustion wide!
groans of wretches who expire,
neath these darts of fire,
the city—while, descending o'er
d domes and streets of sycamore;—
ars, with their bright cloths of gold,
t peaceful pageant left unroll'd;—
marble baths, whose idle jets
th blood;—and its tall minarets,
e stood up in the evening glare
n, unhallow'd by a prayer;—
turn, the dreadful flame-bolts fall,
d conflagration throughout all
city hold high festival!

sees the world is his no more;—
parting, and his grasp is o'er.
oping now?"—thus, with unblushing
,
few, who yet can hear him speak,
amish'd slaves, around him lying,
ight of blazing temples dying;—

at festival of fire, called the Sheb Sezé, they
large bunches of dry combustibles, fastened
ts and birds, which being then let loose the air
ared one great illumination; and as these terri-
turally fled to the wood for shelter, it is easy
conflagrations they produced."—*Richardson's*

The chosen few who shall su
" Of Kings and Thrones trium
" Have you then lost, weak mu
" All faith in him, who was yo
" Have you forgot the eye of g
" Beneath this Veil, the flashing
" Could, like a sun-stroke of the
" Millions of such as yonder Ch
" Long have its lightnings sle
" now
" All earth shall feel th' unveiling
" To-night—yes, sainted men! th
" I bid you all to a fair festal rite,
" Where,—having deep refresh'd e
" With viands such as feast Heav
" And kindled up your souls, now
" With that pure wine the Dark-e
" Keep, seal'd with precious —

Eager they listen—while each accent darts
New life into their chill'd and hope-sick hearts:—
Such treacherous life as the cool draught supplies
To him upon the stake, who drinks and dies!
Wildly they point their lances to the light
Of the fast sinking sun, and shout "to-night!"—
"To-night," their Chief re-echoes, in a voice
Of fiend-like mockery that bids hell rejoice!
Deluded victims—never hath this earth
Seen mourning half so mournful as their mirth!
Here, to the few, whose iron frames had stood
This racking waste of famine and of blood,
Faint, dying wretches clung, from whom the shout
Of triumph like a maniac's laugh broke out;—
There, others, lighted by the smouldering fire,
Danc'd, like wan ghosts about a funeral pyre,
Among the dead and dying, strew'd around;—
While some pale wretch look'd on, and from his wound
Plucking the fiery dart by which he bled,
In ghastly transport wav'd it o'er his head!

'Twas more than midnight now—a fearful pause
Had follow'd the long shouts, the wild applause,
That lately from those Royal Gardens burst,
Where the Veil'd demon held his feast accurst,
When ZELICA—alas poor ruin'd heart,
In every horror doom'd to bear its part!—
Was bidden to the banquet by a slave,
Who, while his quivering lip the summons gave,
Grew black, as though the shadows of the grave
Compass'd him round, and, ere he could repeat
His message through, fell lifeless at her feet!

_ ... some distant confla
But hark!—she stops—she li
'Tis her Tormentor's laugh—a
A long death-groan comes wit
The place of mirth, the bower
She enters. Holy ALLA, what
Was there before her! By the
Of the pale dawn, mix'd with t
That round lay burning, dro
hands,
She saw the board in splendid
Rich censers breathing—garland
The urns, the cups, from whi
quaff'd,
All gold and gems, but—what had
Oh! who need ask, that saw thos
With their swoll'n heads sunk b
breasts,
Or looking

›k'd horrible vengeance with their eyes' last
strain,
l clench'd the slackening hand at him in vain.

)readful it was to see the ghastly stare,
: stony look of horror and despair,
ich some of these expiring victims cast
›n their souls tormentor to the last;—
›n that mocking Fiend, whose Veil, now rais'd,
›w'd them as in death's agony they gaz'd,
the long promis'd light, the brow, whose
beaming
s to come forth, all conquering, all redeeming;
features horribler than Hell e'er trac'd
its own brood;—no Demon of the Waste,*
church-yard Ghole, caught lingering in the
light
:he bless'd sun, e'er blasted human sight
h lineaments so foul, so fierce as those
Impostor now, in grinning mockery, shows—
here, ye wise Saints, behold your Light, your
"Star,—.
: *would* be dupes and victims, and ye *are.*
it enough? or must I while a thrill
ives in your sapient bosoms, cheat you still?
wear that the burning death ye feel within,
but the trance, with which heav'n's joys begin;

'The Afghauns believe each of the numerous solitudes and
rts of their country, to be inhabited by a lonely demon,
m they call the Ghoolee Beeabau, or spirit of the Waste.
y often illustrate the wildness of any sequestered tribe, by
ng, they are wild as the Demon of the Waste."—*Elphin-*
e Caubul.

... loves you half so v
"Ha, my young bride!—'tis v
"seat;
"Nay come—no shuddering-
"meet
"The dead before?—They gra
"sweet;
"And these, my guests to-nig
"true
"Their parting cups, that *thou* s
"But—how is this?—all empty
"Hot lips have been before thee
"Young bride,—yet stay—one
"mains,
"Enough to warm a gentle Prie
"Here, drink—and should thy
"arms
"Speed hither, ere my lip lose a
"Give him

o—cursed race—since first my soul drew breath,
hey've been my dupes, and *shall* be, ev'n in
" death.
hou see'st yon cistern in the shade—'tis fill'd
'ith burning drugs, for this last hour distill'd;—
ıere will I plunge me, in that liquid flame!—
it bath to lave a dying Prophet's frame!—
here perish, all—ere pulse of thine shall fail—
or leave one limb to tell mankind the tale.
› shall my votaries, wheresoe'er they rave,
roclaim that Heav'n took back the Saint it
" gave;—
hat I've but vanish'd from this earth awhile,
› come again, with bright, unshrouded smile!
› shall they build me altars in their zeal,
here knaves shall minister, and fools shall kneel
'here Faith may mutter o'er her mystic spell,
'ritten in blood—and Bigotry may swell
he sail he spreads for heav'n with blasts from
" hell!
› shall my banner, through long ages, be
ıe rallying sign of fraud and anarchy;—
ings yet unborn shall rue MOKANNA's name,
nd, though I die, my Spirit, still the same,
ıall walk abroad in all the stormy strife,
nd guilt, and blood, that were its bliss in life!
ıt, hark! their battering engine shakes the wall—
'hy, *let* it shake—thus I can brave them all
o trace of me shall greet them, when they come,
nd I can trust thy faith, for—thou'lt be dumb.
ow mark how readily a wretch like me,
ı one bold plunge, commences Deity!"—

In the lone Cities of the Sil
And there, unseen of all bu
Each by its own pale carcas

But morn is up, and a fres
Throughout the camp of the
Their globes of fire, (the dres
By GREECE to conquering M
And now the scorpion's shaft,
From high balistas, and the sh
Of soldiers swinging the huge
All speak th' impatient Islamit
To try, at length, if tower and
And bastion'd wall be not less
Less tough to break down than
First in impatience and in toil i
The burning AZIM—oh! could h
Th' Impostor once alive within
Not the

's the pondrous ram against the walls;
:he ramparts, now a buttress falls,
ɔreach—" once more, one mighty swing
: beams, together thundering!"
walls shakes--the shouting troops ex-

ck discharge your weightiest catapult
ıat spot,---and NEKSHEB is our own!"---
he battlements come crashing down,
e wall, by that stroke riv'n in two,
ı some old crater, rent anew,
im, desolate city smoking through!
no signs of life—nought living seen
v—what can this stillness mean?
ıause suspends all hearts and eyes—
the breach," impetuous AZIM cries;
CALIPH, fearful of some wile
: stillness, checks the troops awhile.—
figure, with slow step, advanc'd
:he ruin'd walls; and, as there glanc'd
over it, all eyes could see
ɔwn Silver Veil!—"'Tis He, 'tis He,
and alone!" they shout around;
from his steed springs to the ground—
y Caliph! mine," he cries, "the task
on daring wretch—'tis all I ask."
rts to meet the demon foe,
ross wide heaps of ruin slow
gly comes, till they are near;
ı bound, rushes on AZIM's spear,
off the Veil in falling, shows—
ı ZELICA's life-blood that flows!

"Thou would'st not rob n
"know
"How oft I've pray'd to Go
"But the Fiend's venom w
"slow;—
"To linger on were maddeni
"If once that Veil—nay, look
"The eyes of your fierce soldi
"Struck by a thousand death.
"But this is sweeter—oh! beli
"I would not change this sad,
"This death within thy arms I
"For the most smiling life the
"All, that stood dark and drear
"Of my stray'd soul, is passing
"A light comes o'er me from th
"Like the first dawn of mercy f
"And if thy lips but tell me I'm
"Angels will

"And pray that he may pardon her,—may take
"Compassion on her soul for thy dear sake,
"And, nought remembering but her love to thee,
"Make her all thine, all His, eternally!
"Go to those happy fields where first we twin'd
"Our youthful hearts together—every wind
"That meets thee there, fresh from the well-known
flowers,
"Will bring the sweetness of those innocent hours
"Back to thy soul, and thou may'st feel again
"For thy poor ZELICA as thou did'st then.
"So shall thy orisons, like dew that flies
"To heav'n upon the morning's sunshine, rise
"With all love's earliest ardour to the skies!
"And should they—but alas! my senses fail—
"Oh for one minute!—should thy prayers prevail—
"If pardon'd souls may from that World of Bliss
"Reveal their joy to those they love in this,—
"I'll come to thee—in some sweet dream—and
"tell—
"Oh heaven—I die—dear love! farewell, farewell."

Time fleeted—years on years had pass'd away,
And few of those who, on that mournful day,
Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to see
The maiden's death, and the youth's agony,
Were living still—when, by a rustic grave
Beside the swift Amoo's transparent wave,
An aged man, who had grown aged there
By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer,
For the last time knelt down—and, though the shade
Of death hung darkening over him, there play'd
A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek,
That brighten'd even Death—like the last streak

-- ... the old man breath
died,—
And there, upon the banks of
He and his ZELICA sleep side l

The story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan being ended, they were now doomed to hear Fadladeen's criticisms upon it. A series of disappointments and accidents had occurred to this learned Chamberlain during the journey. In the first place, those couriers stationed, as in the reign of Shah Jehan, between Delhi and the Western coast of India, to secure a constant supply of mangoes for the Royal Table, had, by some cruel irregularity, failed in their duty; and to eat any mangoes but those of Mazagong was, of course, impossible. In the next place the elephant, laden with his fine antique porcelain, had in an unusual fit of liveliness shattered the whole set to pieces:—an irreparable loss, as many of the vessels were so exquisitely old as to have been used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang. His Koran too, supposed to be the identical copy between the leaves of which Mahomet's favourite pigeon used to nestle, had been mislaid by his Koran-bearer three whole days; not without much spiritual alarm to Fadladeen, who, though professing to hold with other loyal and orthodox Mussulmans, that salvation could only be found in the Koran, was strongly suspected of believing in his heart, that it could only be found in his own particular copy of it. When to all these grievances is added the obstinacy of the cooks, in putting the pepper of Canara into his dishes instead of the cinnamon of Serendib, we may easily suppose that he

opinion —
is necessary to take a review of
have ever—" My good FADLADE
Princess, interrupting him, " w
serve that you should give your
Your opinion of the poem we h
I have no doubt, be abundant
any further waste of your val
that be all," replied the critic,
at not being allowed to show
about every thing but the sub
fore him ;—" If that be all
matter is easily despatched."
to analyse the poem, in that
to the unfortunate bards of
were an infliction from whi
whose very praises were lik
from the bitter flowers of the
sonages of the story were, i

in the veil jumps into a tub of aquafortis; the young lady dies in a set speech, whose only recommendation is that it is her last; and the lover lives on to a good old age, for the laudable purpose of seeing her ghost, which he at last happily accomplishes and expires. This, you will allow, is a fair summary of the story; and if Nasser, the Arabian merchant, told no better, our Holy Prophet (to whom be all honour and glory!) had no need to be jealous of his abilities for story-telling."*

With respect to the style, it was worthy of the matter;—it had not even those politic contrivances of structure, which make up for the commonness of the thoughts by the peculiarity of the manner, nor that stately poetical phraseology by which sentiments mean in themselves, like the blacksmith's † apron converted into a banner, are so easily gilt and embroidered into consequence. Then, as to the versification, it was, to say no worse of it, execrable: it had neither the copious flew of Ferdosi, the sweetness of Hafez, nor the sententious march of Sadi; but appeared to him, in the uneasy heaviness of its movements, to have been modelled upon the gait of a very tired dromedary. The licences too in which it indulged were unpardonable;—for in-

* La lecture de ces Fables plaisait si fort aux Arabes, que, quand Mahomet les entretenoit de l'Histoire de l'Ancien Tertament, ils les méprisaient, lui disant que celles que Nasser leur racontait étaient beaucoup plus belles. Cette préférence attira à Nasser la malédiction de Mahomet et de tous ses disciples.

D'Herbelot

† The blacksmith Gao, who successfully resisted the tyrant Zohak, and whose apron became the Royal Standard of Persia.

superfluities?"—He here looked
covered that most of his audie
while the glimmering lamps seeme
their example. It became nec
however painful to himself, to pu
valuable animadversions for the
accordingly concluded, with an ai
dour, thus; "notwithstanding the
I have thought it my duty to
means my wish to discourage th
far from it, indeed, that if he wi
his style of writing and thinking,
doubt that I shall be vastly pleas

Some days elapsed, after this
Great Chamberlain, before LAI
venture to ask for another story.
still a welcome guest in the p
heart, perhaps, too dangerously
mention of poetry was, as if by
avoided. Though none of the

made it more tolerable to the patient;—the ladies began to suspect that they ought not to be pleased, and seemed to conclude that there must have been much good sense in what FADLADEEN said, from its having set them all so soundly to sleep;—while the self-complacent Chamberlain was left to triumph in the idea of having, for the hundred and fiftieth time in his life, extinguished a Poet. LALLA ROOKH alone—and Love knew why—persisted in being delighted with all she had heard, and in resolving to hear more as speedily as possible. Her manner, however, of first returning to the subject was unlucky. It was while they rested during the heat of noon near a fountain, on which some hand had rudely traced those well-known words from the Garden of Sadi,—"Many, like me, have viewed this fountain, but they are gone and their eyes are closed forever!"—that she took occasion from the melancholy beauty of this passage, to dwell upon the charms of poetry in general. "It is true," she said, "few poets can imitate that sublime bird, which flies always in the air, and never touches the earth;*—it is only once in many ages a Genius appears, whose words, like those on the Written Mountain, last forever:—but still there are some, as delightful perhaps, though not so wonderful, who, if not stars over our head, are at least flowers along our path, and whose sweetness of the moment we ought gratefully to inhale, without calling upon them for a brightness and a durability beyond their nature. In short, continued she, blushing, as if

* The Huma.

whetstone for his next critici
ensued; and the Princess, gla
MORZ, saw plainly she must w
geous moment.

But the glories of Nature a
airs, playing freshly over th
spirits, will soon heal even de
dull Fadladeens of this wo
evening or two after, they ca
of Gardens, which had been
Emperor for his favourite si
their progress to Cashmere,
never was there a more sp
sweets, since the Gulzar-e-I
Irem. Every precious flower
that poetry, or love, or religi
ed, from the dark hyacinth,
pares his mistress's hair to th
blossoms the heaven of

lost,—the young Poet, in whose eyes she ap-
ed, while she spoke, to be one of the bright
tual creatures she was describing, said hesita-
y that he remembered a Story of a Peri, which
ie Princess had no objection, he would venture
late. "It is," said he, "with an appealing look
ADLADEEN, "in a lighter and humbler strain
the other: then, striking a few careless but
ancholy chords on his kitar, he thus began:—

ONE morn a Pe
Of Eden stood,
And as she listen
Of life within,
Had caught the l
Through the ha
She wept to think
Should e'er have l

"How happy," exclaim
"Are the holy Spirits w
"Mid flowers that nev
"Though mine are the g
"And the stars themselve
"One blossom of Heav

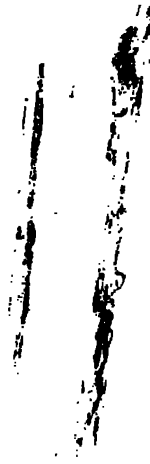
"Though

And the golden floods, that thitherward stray,*
Yet—oh 'tis only the blest can say
"How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!

Go wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
"As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
"One minute of Heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, when it lies
On the blue flow'r, which—Bramins say—
Blooms no where but in Paradise!
"Nymph of a fair, but erring line!"
Gently he said—"One hope is thine.
"'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
"*The Peri yet may be forgiven*
"*Who brings to this Eternal Gate*
"*The Gift that is most dear to Heaven!*
"Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin;—
"'Tis sweet to let the Pardon'd in!"
Rapidly as comets run
To th' embraces of the Sun:—

* "The Altan Kol, or Golden River of Tibet, which runs into the Lakes of Sing-su-hay, has abundance of gold in its sands, which employs the inhabitants all summer in gathering it."—*Description of Tibet in Pinkerton.*



— just then
Hung hover

But whither sh
To find this gift
"The wealth,"
"In which unnu
"Beneath the pi
"I know where t
"Many a fathom
"To the south of
"I know too where
"The jewell'd cup
"With Life's elixir
"But gifts like thes
"Where was there e
"Like the steps of A

* "The Mahometans sup
brands wh

"And the Drops of Life—oh! what would they be
"In the boundless Deep of Eternity?"

While thus she mus'd, her pinions fann'd
The air of that sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!
But crimson now her rivers ran
With human blood—the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
And man, the sacrafice of man,
Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwafted from the innocent flowers!
Land of the Sun! what foot invades
Thy Pagods and thy pillar'd shades—
Thy cavern shrines, and Idol stones,
Thy Monarchs and their thousand Thrones?
'Tis He of GAZNA!*—fierce in wrath
He comes, and INDIA's diadems
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.—
His blood-hounds he adorns with gems,
Torn from the violated necks

* Mahmood of Gazna, or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the 11th century.—v. his History in *Dow* and Sir *J. Malcolm*.

... warm ROSETTA's valet—
To watch the moonlight
Of the white pelicans that b
The azure calm of MOERIS'
'Twas a fair scene—a Land
Never did mortal eye beh
Who could have thought, th
Those valleys and their fr
Basking in heav'n's serenest
Those groups of lovely date-t
Languidly their leaf-crown
Like youthful maids, when sl
Warns them to their silken
Those virgin lilies, all the nigh
Bathing their beauties in the
That they may rise more fresh

* "The Nile, which the Abyssinians
Abey and Alawy ...

When their beloved Sun's awake;—
Those ruin'd shrines and and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream;
Amid whose fairy loneliness
Nought but the lap-wing's cry is heard,
Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting
Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam)
Some purple-wing'd Sultana* sitting
Upon a column, motionless
And glittering, like an idol bird!—
Who could have thought, that there, ev'n there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The Demon of the Plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red Desert's sands of flame!
So quick, that every living thing
Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,
Like plants, where the Simoon hath past,
At once falls black and withering!

The sun went down on many a brow,
Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
Is rankling in the pest-house now
And ne'er will feel that sun again!
And oh! to see th' unburied heaps
On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—
The very vultures turn away,
And sicken at so foul a prey!

* "That beautiful bird, with plumage of the finest shining blue, with purple beak and legs, the natural and living ornament of the temples and palaces of the Greeks and Romans, which, from the stateliness of its port, as well as the brilliancy of its colours, has obtained the title of Sultana."—*Sonnini.*

...arkness

"Poor race of Men!"
"Dearly ye pay for
"Some flowrets of Ed
"But the trail of the
She wept—the air grew
Around her, as the b
For there's a magic in e
Such kindly Spirits we

Just then beneath some o
Whose fruit and blossoms
Were wantoning together,
Like age at play with infa
Beneath that fresh and spr
Close by the Lake, she h
Of one who, at this silent h
Had thither stol'n to ...

None to watch near him—none to slake
  The fire that in his bosom lies,
With ev'n a sprinkle from that lake,
  Which shines so cool before his eyes.
No voice, well-known through many a day,
  To speak the last, the parting word,
Which, when all other sounds decay,
  Is still like distant music heard.
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown Dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
  Shed joy around his soul in death—
That she, whom he for many years had known,
And lov'd, and might have call'd his own,
  Was safe from this foul midnight's breath;—
Safe in her father's princely halls.
Where the cool airs from fountain falls,
Freshly perfum'd by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.
But see,—who yonder comes by stealth,
  This melancholy bower to seek,
Like a young envoy sent by Health,
  With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
'Tis she,—far off, through moonlight dim,
  He knew his own betrothed bride,
She, who would rather die with him,
  Than live to gain the world beside!—
Her arms are round her lover now,
  His livid cheek to hers she presses,

Those gentle arms, that were
Holy as is the cradling place
Of Eden's infant cherubim!
And now he yields—now turns a
Shuddering as if the venom lay
All in those proffer'd lips alone—
Those lips that, then so fearless g
Never until that instant came
Near his unask'd or without sha
"Oh! let me only breathe the a
"The blessed air that's breat
"And, whether on its wings it b
"Healing or death, 'tis sweet
"There, drink my tears, while
"Would that my bosom's blo
"And, well thou know'st, I'd sl
"To give thy brow one minu
"Nay, turn not from me that d
"Am I not thine—thy own lo

"When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
"Out of its heart must perish too!
"Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
"Before like thee I fade and burn;
"Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
"The last pure life that lingers there!"
She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
In charnal airs or cavern-damp,
So quickly do his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes
One struggle—and his pain is past—
Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

"Sleep," said the PERI, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast—
"Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,
"In balmier airs than ever yet stirr'd
"Th' enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
"Who sings at the last his own death-lay,*
"And in music and perfume dies away!"

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
Such lustre o'er each paly face,

*"In the East, they suppose the Phœnix to have fifty orifices in his bill, which are continued to his tail; and that, after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself.—*Richardson.*

er them
But morn is blushi
Again the PERI s
Bearing to Heav'n t
Of pure, self-sacri
High throbb'd her h
The Elysian palm
For the bright Spirit a
Smil'd as she gave t
And she already hears
Of Eden, with their
Ringing in that ambros
That from the Thron
And she can see the sta
That lie around that lu
Upon whose banks admit
Their first sweet draug
But ah! ev'n Peri s hopes
Again the Fate's forbade,
Th' immortal barrier clos'd
The Angel said as, with
He shut

"Written in light o'er ALLA's head,
"By Seraph eyes shall long be read.
"But PERI, see—the crystal bar
"Of Eden moves not—holier far
"Than ev'n this sigh the boon must be
"That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee."

Now, upon SYRIA's land of roses*
Softly the light of Eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted LEBANON;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who look'd from upper air
O'er all th' enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below!
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sun-light falls;—
Gay lizards glittering on the walls†
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light,—

* Richardson things that Syria had its name from Suri, a beautiful and delicate species of rose for which that country has been always famous;—hence, Suristan, the Land of Roses.

† "The number of lizards I saw one day in the great court of the Temple of the Sun at Balbec, amounted to many thousands; the ground, the walls, and stones of the ruined buildings were covered with them. *Bruce*.

Of tearless rainbows,
Th' unclouded skies o
And then, the minglit
Of shepherd's ancient
Of the wild bees of PA
Banquetting through
And, JORDAN, those sw
And woods, so full of

But nought can charm th
Her soul is sad—her win
Joyless she sees the sun l
On that great Temple, on
Whose lonely columns sta
Flinging their shadows t
Like dials, which the wizar
Had rais'd to count his a

Yet haply there

May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean lies the boon,
The charm that can restore so soon,
  An erring Spirit to the skies!

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither;—
  Still laughs the radient eye of Heaven,
  Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither;—
When, o'er the vale of BALBEC winging,
  Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
  As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel flies,*
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems;—
And, near the boy, who tir'd with play
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
  From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount
  Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
  To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
  Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!

* "You behold there a considerable number of remarkable species of beautiful insects the elegance of whose appearance and their attire procured for them the name of Damsels."
Sonnini.

Ere Mercy weeps them out a

Yet tranquil now that man o
(As if the balmy evening time
Soften'd his spirit,) look'd and
Watching the rosy infant's pla
Though still, when'er his eye t
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glar
Met that unclouded, joyous g
As torches, that have burnt all r
Through some impure and godl
Encounter morning's glorious

But hark! the vesper call to pr
As slow the orb of day-light
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From SYRIA's thousand minar
The boy has started from the b
Of flowers —

Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again!
Oh 'twas a sight—that Heav'n—that Child—
A scene, which might have well beguil'd
Ev'n haughty EBLIS of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man,
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace!
"There *was* a time," he said in mild,
Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child!
"When young and haply pure as thou,
"I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—"
He hung his head—each nobler aim
And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him and he wept! he wept!

Bless tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There's a drop," said the PERI, "that down from
"the moon
"Falls through the withering airs of June

...ous t
Though foul thy ve
"One heavenly d

And now—behold l
By the child's side, i
While the same sun
The guilty and the gu
And hymns of joy pro
The triumph of a Sou

'Twas when the golden
While on their knees th
There fell a light more l
Than ever came from su
Upon the tear, that warm
Dew'd that repentant sinn
To mortal eye this light m
A northern flash, a meteor
But well the enraptur...
'Twas a ...

"Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—
"To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
"Are the diamond turrets of SHADUKIAM,*
"And the fragrant bowers of AMBERABAD!
"Farewell, ye odours of Earth, that die,
"Passing away like a lover's sigh;—
"My feast is now of the Tooba Tree.†
"Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!

"Farewell ye vanishiag flowers, that shone
"In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief,—
"Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,
"To the lot-tree, springing by ALLA'S Throne,‡
"Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf!
"Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done—
"The Gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!"

* The Country of Delight—the name of a Province in the kingdom of Jinnistan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the city of Jewels. Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.

†The tree Tooba that stands in Paradise, in the palace of Mahomet. *Sale's Prelim. Disc.* Touba says *D'Herbelot*, signifies beatitude, or eternal happiness.

‡ Mahomet is described, in the 53d Chapter of the Koran, as having seen the Angel Gabriel, "by the lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing; near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode." This tree say the commentators, stand in the seventh Heaven on the right hand of the throne of God.

in comparison with
ments of genius, is as
mara beside the eter.
After this gorgeous s
more of the same kind,
rare and important occ
anatomy of the short pc
and easy kind of metre
ought to be denounced, h
ing causes of the alarming
times. If some check were
facility, we should soon l
bards as numerous and as
and twenty thousand Stre
succeeded in this style d
their very success;—as wa
ed, even after gaining a v
taken the liberty of
establ

gence;—who, like them, flung the jereed*
essly, but not, like them, to the mark;—"and
" said he, raising his voice to excite a proper
e of wakefulness in his hearers, "contrive to
ar heavy and constrained in the midst of all
itude they have allowed themselves, like one
ose young pagans that dance before the Prin-
who has the ingenuity to move as if her limbs
fettered in a pair of the lightest and loosest
ers of Masulipatam!"
was but little suitable, he continued, to the
march of criticism to follow this fantastical
of whom they had just heard, through all her
s and adventures between earth and heaven,
e could not help adverting to the puerile con-
dness of the Three Gifts which she is supposed
rry to the skies,—a drop of blood, forsooth, a
and a tear! How the first of these articles was
ered into the Angel's "radiant hand," he pro-
d himself at a loss to discover; and as to the
carriage of the sigh and the tear, such Peris
uch poets were beings by far too incomprehen-
for him even to guess how they managed such
ers. "But, in short," said he, "it is a waste of
and patience to dwell longer upon a thing so
ably frivolous,—puny even among its own pu-
ce, and such as only the Banyan Hospital for
Insects* should undertake."

ie name of the javelin with which the Easterns exercise,
itellan, *Mœurs des Othomans*, tom. iii. p. 161.

or a description of this Hospital of the Banyans. v. *Par-*
Travels, p. 262.

[illegible] near the Ga
pling upon them;—th
every chance of the per
and that, after all, per
tain of the Talisman,—
its summit.* Neither t
still gentler looks with
could lower for one ins
LADEEN's eyebrows, or
like encouragement or
Toleration, indeed, was
of FADLADEEN:—he ca
matters of poetry and of
versed in the beauties o
a perfect master of
both. His zeal, too, w
suit: whether the gam
or poet-asters,—worship
epics.

They had now arrived
hore, whose mausoleum
and number

if feelings more of this earth had not taken entire possession of her already. She was here met by messengers despatched from Cashmere, who informed her that the King had arrived in the Valley, and was himself superintending the sumptuous preparations that were making in the Saloons of the Shalimar for her reception. The chill she felt on receiving this intelligence,—which to a bride whose heart was free and light would have brought only images of affection and pleasure,—convinced her that her peace was gone for ever, and that she was in love, irretrievably in love, with young FERAMORZ. The veil, which this passion wears at first, had fallen off, and to know that she loved was now as painful as to love *without* knowing it had been delicious. FERAMORZ too,—what misery would be his, if the sweet hours of intercourse so imprudently allowed them should have stolen into his heart the same fatal fascinatian as into hers;—if, notwithstanding her rank, and the modest homage he always paid to it, even *he* should have yielded to the influence of those long and happy interviews, where music, poetry, the delightful scenes of nature,—all tended to bring their hearts close together, and to waken by every means that too ready passion, which often, like the young of the desert-bird, is warmed into life by the eyes alone!* She saw but one way to preserve herself from being culpable as well as unhappy, and this, however painful, she was resolved to adopt. FERAMORZ must no more be admitted to her presence. To have strayed so far into the dangerous labyrinth was wrong, but to linger in

* The Arabians believe that the ostriches hatch their young by only looking at them. *P. Vanslebe, Relat. d' Egypte.*

... Arab
ing into the wilde
Gardens of Irim,
ever!*

The arrival of th
celebrated in the mo
Rajas and Omras in
certain distance durin
camped nearer to th
necessary for her safe
cavalcade through th
most costly presents to
erected in all the squar
of confectionary among
sans, in chariots ador
streamers, exhibited the
trades through the stree
of life and pageantry amo
and gilded minarets of L
gether lit...

or many days after their departure from La-
: a considerable degree of gloom hung over the
le party. LALLA ROOKH, who had intended to
e illness her excuse for not admitting the
ng minstrel, as usual to the pavilion, soon
id that to feign indisposition was unnecessary;
ADLADEEN felt the loss of the good road they
hitherto travelled, and was very near cursing
an-Guire (of blesssed memory!) for not having
tinued his delectable alley of trees,* at least
far as the mountains of Cashmere;—while the
es, who had nothing now to do all day but to
anned by peacocks' feathers and listen to FAD-
EEN, seemed heartily weary of the life they led,
, in spite of all the Great Chamberlain's criti-
n, were tasteless enough to wish for the poet
in. One evening, as they were proceeding to
ir place of rest for the night, the Princess, who,
the freer enjoyment of the air, had mounted her
urite Arabian palfrey, in passing by a small
ve heard the notes of a lute from within its
es, and a voice, which she but too well knew,
ing the following words:

TELL me not of joys above,
If that world can give no bliss,
Truer, happier than the Love
Which enslaves our souls in this!

Tell me not of Houris' eyes;—
Far from me their dangerous glow,

The fine road made by the Emperor Jehan-Guire from
a to Lahore, planted with trees on each side.

Who, that midst a deser
Sees the waters fade
Would not rather die th
Streams again as fals

The tone of melancholy defia
words were uttered, went to L
and, as she reluctantly rode
help feeling it as a sad but sw
FERAMORZ was to the full as e
erable as herself.

The place where they encar
was the first delightful spot the
they left Lahore. On one si
grove full of small Hindoo tem
with the most graceful trees o
the tamarind, the cassia, and the

waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus: while at a distance stood the ruins of a strange and awful-looking tower, which seemed old enough to have been the temple of some religion no longer known, and which spoke the voice of desolation in the midst of all that bloom and loveliness. This singular ruin excited the wonder and conjectures of all. LALLA ROOKH guessed in vain, and the all-pretending FADLADEEN, who had never till this journey been beyond the precincts of Delhi, was proceeding most learnedly to show that he knew nothing whatever about the matter, when one of the Ladies suggested, that perhaps FERAMORZ could satisfy their curiosity. They were now approaching his native mountains, and this tower might be a relic of some of those dark superstitions, which had prevailed in that country before the light of Islam dawned upon it. The Chamberlain who usually preferred his own ignorance to the best knowledge that any one else could give him, was by no means pleased with this officious reference; and the Princess, too, was about to interpose a faint word of objection, but, before either of them could speak, a slave was despatched for FERAMORZ, who, in a very few minutes, appeared before them, —looking so pale and unhappy in LALLA ROOKH's eyes, that she already repented of her cruelty in having so long excluded him.

That venerable tower, he told them, was the remains of an ancient Fire-Temple, built by those Ghebers or Persians of the old religion, who, many hundred years since, had fled hither from their Arab conquerors, preferring liberty and their altars

Fire in the Burning
pressed in one place,
fresh flame in anoth
mere, of that fair an
the same manner bec
seen her ancient shri
away before the mar
he felt a sympathy, h
of the persecuted Ghe
like this before them b
awaken.

It was the first tim
ventured upon so muc
and it may easily be
prose as this must hav
orthodox and most pa
sat for some minutes
intervals "Bigotted co
Fire-worshipp

ening was not too far advanced, he should have uch pleasure in being allowed to relate to the rincess. It was impossible for LALLA ROOKH to fuse;—he had never before looked half so anima- d, and when he spoke of the Holy Valley his eyes ıd sparkled, she thought like the talismanic char- :ters on the scimitar of Solomon. Her consent as therefore readily granted, and while FADLA- EEN sat in unspeakable dismay, expecting treason nd abomination in every line, the poet thus began is story of the Fire-worshippers:—

'Tis moonlight in HARMOZI
And through her EMIR's pc
Where, some hours since, v
Of trumpet and the clash c
Bidding the bright-eyed su
The peaceful sun, whom b
  The music of the bulbul'
Or the light touch of lover
  To sing him to his golde
All hush'd—there's not a b
The shore is silent as the o
If zephyrs come, so light tl
  Nor leaf is stirr'd nor wa
The wind-tower on the EMI
  Can hardly win a breath
Ev'n he, that tyrant Arab,
Calm, while a nation round
While curses load the air h
And falchions from unnumb

Are starting to avenge the shame
His race hath brought on IRAN'S* name.
Hard, heartless Chief, unmov'd alike
Mid eyes that weep and swords that strike;—
One of that saintly, murderous brood,
  To carnage and the Koran given,
Who think through unbelievers' blood
  Lies their directest path to heaven.
One, who will pause and kneel unshod
  In the warm blood his hand hath pour'd,
To mutter o'er some text of God
  Engraven on his recking sword;†—
Nay, who can coolly note the line,
The letter of those words divine,
To which his blade, with searching art,
Had sunk into its victim's heart!

Just ALLA! what must be thy look,
  When such a wretch before thee stands
Unblushing, with thy Sacred Book,
  Turning the leaves with blood-stained hands,
And wresting from its page sublime
His creed of lust and hate and crime?
Ev'n as those bees of TREBIZOND,—
  Which from the sunniest flowers that glad
With their pure smile the gardens round,
  Draw venom forth that drives men mad![‡]

* "Iran is the true general name of the empire of Persia."—*Asiat. Res. Disc.* 5.

† "On the blades of their scimitars some verse from the Koran is usually inscribed."—*Russel.*

‡ "There is a kind of Rhododendros about Trebizond, whose flowers the bee feeds upon, and the honey thence drives people mad."—*Tournefort.*

In their own land—no more tl
To crouch beneath a stranger'
Her towers, where MITHRA o
To Moslem shrine—oh shame.
Where slaves, converted by th
Their mean, apostate worship
And curs'd the faith their siers
Yet has she hearts, mid all this
O'er all this wreck high buoya
With hope and vengeance;—h
Like gems, in darkness issui
They've treasur'd from the sun
Beam all the light of long-los
And swords she hath, nor weal
To second all such hearts ca
As he shall know, well, dearly
Who sleeps in moonlight lux
Tranquil as if his spirit lay
Becalm'd in Heaven's approvin

Yon turret stands; where ebon locks,
As glossy as a heron's wing
Upon the turban of a King,*
Hang from the lattice, long and wild,—
'Tis she, that EMIR's blooming child,
All truth and tenderness and grace,
Though born of such ungentle race;
An image of Youth's radiant Fountain
Springing in a desolate mountain!†
Oh what a pure and sacred thing
Is beauty, curtain'd from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light!
Unseen by man's disturbing eye,—
The flower, that blooms beneath the sea
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity!
So HINDA, have thy face and mind,
Like holy mysteries, lain enshrin'd.
And oh what transport for a lover
To lift the veil that shades them o'er!—
Like those who, all at once discover
In the lone deep some fairy shore,
Where mortal never trod before,
And sleep and wake in scented airs
No lip had ever breath'd but theirs!
Beautiful are the maids that glide
On summer eves, through YEMEN's‡ dales;

* "Their kings wear plumes of black herons's feathers upon the right side, as a badge of sovereignty."—*Hanway.*

† "The Fountain of Youth, by a Mahometan tradition, is situated in some dark region of the east.—*Richardson*

‡ Arabia Felix.

Before their mir
And grow still
But never yet hat
In ARABY's gay
Whose boasted br
Before AL HASS

Light as the angel
An infants dream,
Rich in all woman's
With eyes so pure,
Dark Vice would tu
Blinded like serpents
Upon the emerald's v
Yet, fill'd with all you
Mingle the meek and
Of other worlds with a
The fond, weak tender
A soul, too, more than
Where, through some
Religion's soften'd

As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere!
Such is the maid who, at this hour,
  Hath risen from her restless sleep,
And sits alone in that high bower,
  Watching the still and shining deep.
Ah! 'twas not thus,—with tearful eyes
  And beating heart,—she us'd to gaze
On the magnificent earth and skies,
  In her own land, in happier days.
Why looks she now so anxious down
Among those rocks, whose rugged frown
  Blackens the mirror of the deep?
Whom waits she all this lonely night?
  Too rough the rocks, too bold the steep,
For man to scale that turret's height!—

So deem'd at least her thoughtful sire,
  When high, to catch the cool night air,
After the day-beam's withering fire,*
  He built her bower of freshness there,
And had it deck'd with costliest skill,
  And fondly thought it safe as fair:—
Think, reverend dreamer! think so still,
  Nor wake to learn what Love can dare—
Love, all-defying Love, who sees
No charms in trophies won with ease;—
Whose rarest, dearest fruits of bliss
Are pluck'd on Danger's precipice!

*At Gombaroon and the Isle of Ormus it is sometimes so hot, that the people are obliged to lie all day in the water.—*Marco Polo.*

Though high tha
There's one wl
Would climb th'
Of ARARAT's tr
And think its stee
Heav'n's path-way
Ev'n now thou see
That lights his oar'
Ev'n now thou hea
Of his swift bark ag
And stretchest dow
As if to lift him fron
Like her to whom, a
The bridegroom, wit
Came, in the flush of
And scal'd the terrac
When, as she saw him
And mid-way up in d

And scarce did manlier nerve uphold
  The hero ZAL in that fond hour,
Than wings the youth who fleet and bold
  Now climbs the rocks to HINDA's bower.
See—light as up their granite steeps
  The rock-goats of ARABIA clamber.*
Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,
  And now is in the maiden's chamber.

She loevs—but knows not whom she loves,
  Nor what his race, nor whence he came ;—
Like one who meets, in Indian groves,
  Some beauteous bird, without a name,
Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,
From isles in the undiscover'd seas,
To show his plumage for a day
To wondering eyes, and wing away !
Will *he* thus fly—her nameless lover ?
  Alla forbid ! 'twas by a moon
As fair as this, while singing over
  Some dity to her soft Kanoon,†
Alone at this same watching hour,
  She first beheld his radiant eyes
Gleam through the lattice of the bower,
  Where nightly now they mix their sighs ;
And thought some spirit of the air
(For what could waft a mortal there ?)
Was pausing on his moonlight way

* On the lofty hills of Arabia Petraea are rock-goatst'.
Niebuhr.

† "Canun, espéce de psalteron, ovec des cordes de boyaux ; les dames en touchent dans le serrail, avec des décailles, armées de pointes de coco." *Toderinni, translated by De Cournan.*

...ce, when
Strange, awful words,
From his dark eyes, to
Oh! she hath fear'd
To some unhallow'd ch
Some erring Spirit, c
Like those angelic youtl
Who burn'd for maids o
Bewilder'd left the gloric
And lost their Heaven fo

Fond girl! nor fiend, nor
Who woo's thy young sim
But one of earth's impassic
As warm in love, as fier
As the best heart whose cu
Full of the Day-God's liv

But quench'd

sweetly," said the trembling maid,
own gentle voice afraid,
g had they in silence stood,
ng upon that tranquil flood—
sweetly does the moonbeam smile
ight upon yon leafy isle!
in my fancy's wanderings,
wish'd that little isle had wings,
we, within its fairy bowers,
ere wafted off to seas unknown,
re not a pulse should beat but ours,
nd we might live, love, die alone!
from the cruel and the cold.—
'here the bright eyes of angels only
ld come around us, to behold
paradise so pure and lonely!
ld this be world enough for thee?"—
l she turn'd, that he might see
passing smile her cheek put on;
ien she mark'd how mournfully
eyes met hers, that smile was gone;
ursting into heart-felt tears,
yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,
lreams have boded all too right—
part—forever part—to-night!
w, I knew it *could* not last—
is bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past!
ever thus, from childhood's hour,
e seen my fondest hopes decay;
er lov'd a tree or flower,
it 'twas the first to fade away,
er nurs'd a dear gazelle,
glad me with its soft black eye,
when it came to know me well

"Those frightful
"No, never come ag
"Though heaven,
"Farewell—and ble
"Whe'er thou go's
"Better to sit and wa
"And think thee safe,
"Than have thee ne

"Danger!—oh, tempt
The youth exclaim'd—"
"What he can brave, w
"In danger's paths, has
"Upon whose ear the sig
"Of strife and death i
"Who sleeps with head
His fever'd hand must
"Danger!—"

"'Twould be those eyes ;—they, only they,
"Could melt that sacred seal away !
"But no—'tis fix'd—*my* awful doom
"Is fix'd—on this side of the tomb
"We meet no more—why, why did heaven
"Mingle two souls that earth has riven,
"Has rent asunder wide as ours ?
"Oh, Arab maid ; as soon the Powers
"Of Light and Darkness may combine,
"As I be link'd with thee or thine !
"Thy father——"
"Holy ALLA save
"His grey-head from that lightning glance
"Thou knowst him not—he loves the brave
"Nor lives there under heaven's expanse
"One who would prize, would worship thee
"And thy bold spirit, more than he.
"Oft when in childhood, I have play'd
"With the bright falchion by his side,
"I've heard him swear his lisping maid
"In time should be a warrior's bride.
"And still, when'er, at Haram hours,
"I taka him cool sherbets and flowers,
"He tells me, when in playful mood,
"A hero shall my bridegroom be,
"Since maids are best in battle woo'd,
"And won with shouts of victory !
"Nay, turn not from me—thou alone
"Art form'd to make both hearts thy own.
"Go—join his sacred ranks—thou know'st
"Th' unholy strife these Persians wage :—
"Good Heav'n that frown !—ev'n now thou glow'st
"With more than mortal warrior's rage.

"Hold, hold—thy wor
The stranger cried, as wild he fl
His mantle back, and show'd bene
The Gheber belt that round him
"Here, maiden, look—weep—blu
"All that thy sire abhors in me!
"Yes—*I* am of that impious race
"Those Slaves of fire, who mor
"Hail their Creator's dwelling-pla
"Among the living lights of he
"Yes—*I* am of that outcast few,
"To IRAN and to vengeance true,
"Who curse the hour your Arabs
"To desolate our shrines of flame,
"And swear before God's burning
"To break our country's chains, or
"Thy bigot sire—nay, tremble not
"He who gave birth to those dee

From which our fires of worship rise!
ut know—'twas he I sought that night,
When, from my watch-boat on the sea,
caught this turret's glimmering light,
And up the rude rocks desperately
ush'd to my prey—thou know'st the rest—
climb'd the gory vulture's nest,
nd found a trembling dove within;—
hine, thine the victory—thine the sin—
Love hath made one thought his own,
hat vengeance claims first—last—alone!
h! had we never, never met,
r could this heart e'n now forget
ow link'd, how bless'd we might have been,
ad fate not frown'd so dark between,
adst thou been born a Persian maid,
In neighbouring valleys had we dwelt,
hrough the same fields in childhood play'd,
At the same kindling altar knelt,—
hen, then, while all those nameless ties,
which the charm of Country lies,
ad round our hearts been hourly spun,
ill IRAN's cause and thine were one;—
hile in thy lute's awakening sigh
heard the voice of days gone by,
nd saw in every smile of thine
eturning hours of glory shine!—
hile the wrong'd Spirit of our Land
Liv'd, look'd, and spoke her wrongs through thee,—
od! who could then this sword withstand?
Its very flash were victory!
ut now—estrang'd, divorc'd for ever,

"Thy father IRAN's [illegible]
"Thyself, perhaps, ev'n now—bu
"Hate never look'd so lovely ye
"No—sacred to thy soul will
"The land of him who could fo
"All but that bleeding land fo
"When other eyes shall see, un
"Her widows mourn, her wa
"Thou'lt think how well one G
"And for *his* sake thou'lt we
"But look——"

With sudden sta
And pointed to the distant
Where lights, like charnel me
Bluely, as o'er some seama
And fiery darts, at intervals,*
Flew up all sparkling from
As if each star that nightly
Were shooting back to hea

"My signal lights!—I must
"Both, both are ruin'd, if I
"Farewell—sweet life! tho
"Now—Vengeance!—I am

ɩ look'd—but from the lattice dropp'd
wn mid the pointed crags beneath,
if he fled from love to death.
ile pale and mute young HINDA stood,
· mov'd till in the silent flood
nomentary plunge below
rtled her from her trance of woe;—
'ieking she to the lattice flew,
'I come—I come—if in that tide
hou sleep'st to-night—I'll sleep there too,
'In death's cold wedlock by thy side.
)h! I would ask no happier bed
: Than the chill wave my love lies under;—
weeter to rest together dead,
Far sweeter, than to live asunder!"
no—their hour is not yet come—
ıgain she sees his pinnace fly,
.fting him fleetly to his home,
Vhere'er that ill-starr'd home may lie;
ɪ calm and smooth it seem'd to win
ts moonlight way before the wind,
if it bore all peace within,
Vor left one breaking heart behind

py that tears are a luxury.
were by no means sorry t
the Poet's theme; for, whe
said, his voice was as swee
leaves of that enchanted
the tomb of the musician,

Their road all the morr
very dreary country;—th
with a low bushy jungle,
place, the awful signal c
the white flag at its top, re
in that very spot the tige
creature his victim. It v
pleasure that they arrivec
lovely glen, and encampe
trees, whose smooth colu
seem to destine them fo
gion. Beneath the shad
[illegible] pillars ornamente

ıe morn hath risen clear and calm,
ınd o'er the Green Sea* palely shines,
'ealing BAHREIN's groves of palm,
ınd lighting KISHMA's† amber vines.
:sh smell the shores of ARABY,
ıile breezes from the Indian sea
w round SELAMA's‡ sainted cape,
And curl the shining flood beneath,—
ıose waves are rich with many a grape,
And cocoa-nut and flowery wreath,
ıich pious seamen as they pass'd,
d tow'rd that holy head-land cast—
lations to to the Genii there
r gentle skies and breezes fair!
e nightingale now bends her flight
om the high trees, where all the night
She sung so sweet, with none to listen;
ıd hides her from the morning star
Where thickets of pomegranate glisten
the clear dawn,—bespangled o'er
With dew, whose night-drops would not stain

* The Persian Gulf.—"To dive for pearls in the Green
a, or Persian Gulf. *Sir W. Jones.*

† Islands in the Gulf.

‡ Or Selemeh, the genuine name of the headland at the en-
nce of the Gulf, commonly called Cape Musseldom. "The
dians, when they pass the promontory, throw cocoa-nuts,
uits, or flowers into the sea, to secure a propitious voyage."
Morier.

Of glory up the
Angel of light!
Those heavens h
Hath first of all
Trod in his Make
Where are the
When IRAN, like a
To meet that eye
When, from the
To the nut-groves
Thy temples flam'
Where are they? a
Who, on CADESI
Saw fierce invaders
From Iran's broken
And bind her anci
Ask the poor exile, c
On foreign shores, un

Or on the snowy Mossian mountains,
'ar from his beauteous land of dates,
Her jasmine bowers and sunny fountains!
'et happier so then if he trod
lis own belov'd but blighted sod,
eneath a despot stranger's nod!—
'h! he would rather houseless roam
Where Freedom and his God may lead,
'han be the sleekest slave at home
That crouches to the conqueror's creed!
; IRAN's pride then gone for ever,
Quench'd with the flame in MITHRA's caves?—
'o—she has sons that never—never—
Will stoop to be the Moslem's slaves,
While heav'n has light or earth has graves.
pirits of fire, that brood not long,
ut flash resentment back for wrong;
nd hearts where, slow but deep, the seeds
'f vengeance ripen into deeds,
'ill, in some treacherous hour of calm,
'hey burst like ZEILAN's giant palm,*
'hose buds fly open with a sound
hat shakes the pigmy forests rounds!

'es, EMIR! he, who scal'd that tower,
And, had he reach'd thy slumbering breast,
Iad taught thee in a Gheber's power

* The Talpot or Talipot tree. "This beautiful palm-tree, hich grows in the heart of the forests, may be classed among e loftiest trees, and become still higher when on the point 'bursting from its leafy summit. The sheath which then en-slopes the flower is very large, and, when it bursts, makes an xplosion like the report of a cannon." *Thunberg*.

... to ether in the hear
Of him who rends its links apa
Yet dare the issue,—blest to b
E'en for one bleeding moment
And die in pangs of liberty!
Thou know'st them well—'tis so
Thy turban'd troops and bloo
Thou satrap of a bigot Prince!
Have swarm'd among these G
Yet here, ev'n here, a sacred ban
Ay, in the portal of that land
Thou, Arab, dar'st to call thy ow
Their spears across thy path have
Here—ere the winds half wing'd
Rebellion brav'd thee from the sh

Rebellion! foul, dishonouring wor
Whose wrongful blight so oft has
The holiest cause that tongue or

But if they once triumphant spread
Their wings above the mountain-head,
Become enthron'd in upper air,
And turn to sun-bright glories there!

And who is he, that wields the might
Of Freedom on the Green Sea brink,
Before whose sabre's dazzling light
The eyes of YEMEN's warriors wink?
Who comes embower'd in the spears
Of KERMAN's hardy mountaineers?—
Those mountaineers, that truest, last,
Cling to their country's ancient rites,
As if that God whose eye-lids cast
Their closing gleams on IRAN's heights,
Among her snowy mountains threw
The last light of his worship too!

'Tis HAFED—name of fear, whose sound
Chills like the muttering of a charm;—
Shout but that awful name around,
And palsy shakes the manliest arm.
'Tis HAFED, most accurst and dire
(So rank'd by Moslem hate and ire)
Of all the rebel Sons of Fire!
Of whose malign tremendous power
The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour,
Such tales of fearful wonder tell,
That each affrighted sentinel
Pulls down his cowl upon his eyes,
Lest HAFED in the midst should rise!
A man, they say, of monstrous birth,
A mingled race of flame and earth,

Would drown the Koran's light i

Such were the tales that won be
And such the colouring Fancy
To a young, warm and dauntless
One who, no more than morta
Fought for the land his soul ado
For happy homes, and alters f
His only talisman, the sword,
His only spell-word Liberty!
One of that ancient hero line,
Along whose glorious current shi
Names that have sanctified their
As LEBANON's small mountain-flo
Is render'd holy by the ranks
Of sainted cedars on its banks!!
'Twas not for him to crouch the
Tamely to Moslem tyranny,—

'Twas not for him, whose soul was cast
In the bright mould of ages past,
Whose melancholy spirit, fed
With all the glories of the dead,
Though fram'd for IRAN's happiest years,
Was born among her chains and tears!
'Twas not for him to swell the crowd
Of slavish heads, that shrinking bow'd
Before the Moslem, as he pass'd,
Like shrubs beneath the poison blast—
No—far he fled indignant fled
The pageant of his country's shame;
While every tear her children shed
Fell on his soul like drops of flame;
And as a lover hails the dawn
Of a first smile, so welcom'd he
The sparkle of the first sword drawn
For vengeance and for liberty!
But vain was valour—vain the flower
Of KERMAN, in that deathful hour,
Against AL HASSAN's whelming power.—
In vain they met him, helm to helm,
Upon the threshold of that realm
He came in bigot pomp to sway,
And with their corpses block'd his way—
In vain—for every lance they rais'd,
Thousands around the conqueror blaz'd;
For every arm that lin'd their shore,
Myriads of slaves were wafted o'er,—
A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,
Before whose swarms as fast they bow'd,
As dates beneath the locust cloud!
There stood—but one short league away

Down winding to the Green
Around its base the bare rocks
Like naked giants in the flood,
As if to guard the Gulf across
While, on its peak, that brav'd
A ruin'd Temple tower'd, so hig
That oft the sleeping albatros
Struck the wild ruins with her
And from her cloud-rock'd slum
Started—to find man's dwelling
In her own silent fields of air!
Beneath, terrific caverns gave
Dark welcome to each stormy w
That dash'd, like midnight revel
And such the strange, mysteriou
At times throughout those cavern
And such the fearful wonders tol
Of restless sprites imprison'd the

Vere sever'd from the haunts of men
By a wide deep, and wizard glen,
So fathomless, so full of gloom,
No eye could pierce the void between;
It seem'd a place where Gholes might come
With their foul banquets from the tomb,
And its caverns feed unseen.
Like distant thunder, from below,
The sound of many torrents came;
Too deep for eye or ear to know
If 'twere the sea's imprison'd flow,
Or floods of ever-restless flame.
For each ravine, each rocky spire
Of that vast mountain stood on fire;*
And, though for ever past the days,
When God was worshipp'd in the blaze
That from its lofty altar shone,—
Though fled the Priests, the votaries gone,
Still did the mighty flame burn on
Through chance and change, through good and ill,
Like its own God's eternal will,
Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable!

Thither the vanquish'd HAFED led
His little army's last remains;—
"Welcome, terrific glen!" he said,
"Thy gloom that, that Eblis' self might dread,
"Is Heav'n to him who flies from chains!"
O'er a dark, narrow bridge-way, known
To him and to his Chiefs alone,
They cross'd the chasm and gain'd the towers;—

* The Ghebers generally built their temples over subterraneous fires.

"Stretch'd on this roc
"Are whetted on our
"Here,—happy that
"Gloats on our tormei

'Twas night when to thc
And gloomily the fitful
That from the ruin'd alt
Glar'd on his features, a
"'Tis o'er—what men co
"If IRAN *will* look tamely
"And see her priests, her
"Before a sensual bigot
"A wretch, who takes his
"And makes a pander c
"If her proud sons, her hig
"Men, in whose veins—oh
"The blood of ZAL and Ru
"If they *will* court this up
"And turn from MITHRA'S a
"To kneel

"Too vile for ev'n the vile to bear!
Till shame at last, long hidden, burns
Their inmost core, and conscience turns
Each coward tear the slave lets fall
Back on his heart in drops of gall!
But *here*, at least, are arms unchain'd,
And souls that thraldom never stain'd;—
"This spot, at least, no foot of slave
Or satrap ever yet profan'd;
"And, though but few—though fast the wave
Of life is ebbing from our veins,
Enough for vengeance still remains.
As panthers, after set of sun,
Rush from the roots of LEBANON
Across the dark sea-robber's ways,*
We'll bound upon our startled prey;—
And when some hearts that proudest swell
Have felt our falchion's last farewell;
When Hope's expiring throb is o'er,
And ev'n Despair can prompt no more,
This spot shall be the sacred grave
Of the last few, who vainly brave,
Die for the land they cannot save!"
His Chiefs stood round—each shining blade
Upon the broken altar laid—
And though so wild and desolate
Those courts, where once the Mighty sate;
Nor longer on those mouldering towers
Was seen the feast of fruits and flowers,
With which of old the Magi fed

* V. Russel's account of the panthers attacking travellers in the night on the sea-shore about the roots of Lebanon.

Yet the same God t
Heard *them*; while
They swore the late
Of the few hearts, s
Should be, in IRAN's
To die upon that Mo
The last of all her pa
Before her last untrai

Brave, suffering sou
How many a tear thei
From one meek maid,
Whom Love first touc
Whose life, as free fro

*"Among other ceremoni
tops of high towers various k
was supposed the Peris and t
regaled th

ke a lake, till Love threw in
isman, and woke the tide,
read its trembling circles wide.
EMIR! thy unheeding child,
this havoc, bloom'd and smil'd,—
il as on some battle-plain
Persian lily shines and towers,
the combat's reddening stain
fall'n upon her golden flowers.
earted maid, unaw'd unmov'd,
eav'n but spar'd the sire she lov'd,
thy evening tales of blood
ning and aloof she stood—
t, when thou hast pac'd along
Haram halls with furious heat,
ou not curs'd her cheerful song,
came across thee, calm and sweet,
tes of angels, touch'd so near
confines, that the damn'd can hear!
er feelings Love hath brought—
soul all flame, her brow all sadness,
w has but the one dear thought,
thinks that o'er, almost to madness!
h her sinking heart recall
rds—"for *my* sake weep for all;"
terly, as day on day
bel carnage fast succeeds,
eps a lover snatch'd away
ery every Gheber wretch that bleeds.
not a sabre meets her eye,
with his life-blood seems to swim;
not an arrow wings the sky,
icy turns its point to him.

Had not the
From a foul spirit, dimm'd his eyes—
He would have mark'd her shuddering
When from the field of blood he came;
The faltering speech—the look estran
Voice, step, and life, and beauty chan
He would have mark'd all this, and k
Such change is wrought by Love alon

Ah! not the Love, that should have b
So young, so innocent a breast;
Not the pure, open, prosperous Love
That, pledg'd on earth and seal'd ab
Grows in the world's approving eyes
In friendship's smile and home's c
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
Into one knot of happiness!
No, HINDA, no—thy fatal flame
Is nurs'd in silence, sorrow, shame.—
A passion, without hope or pleasu
In thy soul's darkness buried deep,
Hidden like some ill-gotten treasure,

still she goes at midnight hour,
veep alone in that high bower,
watch, and look along the deep
him whose smiles first made her weep,—
vatching, weeping, all was vain,
never saw his bark again.
owlet's solitary cry,
night-hawk, flitting darkly by,
d oft the hateful carrion-bird,
ily flapping his clogged wing,
h reek'd with that day's banqueting—
is all she saw, was all she heard.

he eighth morn—AL HASSAN's brow
brighten'd with unusual joy—
mighty mischief glads him now,
o never smiles but to destroy?
parkle upon HERKEND's Sea,
tost at midnight furiously,*
not of wreck and ruin nigh,
surely than that smiling eye!
daughter up—the Kerna's breath†
blown a blast would waken death,
yet thou sleep'st—up, child, and see
blessed day for Heaven and me,
ay more rich in Pagan blood
n ever flash'd o'er OMAN's flood.

is observed with respect to the Sea of Herkend, that
t is tossed by tempestuous winds it sparkles like fire."—
s of two Makomedans.
kind of trumpet;—"it was used by Tamerlane, the
f which is described as uncommonly dreadful, and so
to be heard at the distance of several miles.—*Richard-*

"Yes—spite of his ravines and
"HAFED, my child, this night i
"Thanks to all-conquering trea
"Without whose aid the links a
"That bind these impious slav
"Too strong for ALLA's self to l
"That rebel fiend, whose blade
"My path with piles of Moslem
"Whose baffling spells had alm
"Back from their course the Sv
"This night, with all his band,
"How deep an Arab's steel car
"When God and Vengeance sp
"And—Prophet!—by that holy
"Thou wor'st on OHOD's field c
"I swear for every sob that pa
"In anguish from these heathe
"A gem from Persia's plunder
"Shall glitter on thy Shrine of

had I risk'd thy timid sex
nes that man himself might dread,
not hop'd our every tread
uld be on prostrate Persian necks—
race, they offer swords instead!
ıeer thee, maid—the wind that now
ving o'er thy feverish brow,
y shall waft thee from the shore;
ere a drop of this night's gore
time to chill in yonder towers,
lt see thy own sweet Arab bowers!

ɔdy boast was all too true—
ırk'd one wretch among the few
HAFED's eagle eye could count
him on that Fiery Mount,—
ıcreant, who for gold betray'd
h-way through the valley's shade
e high towers where Freedom stood
ıst hold of flame and blood.
the field last dreadful night,
sallying from their Sacred Height,
ebers fought hope's farewell fight,
—but died not with the brave;
n, which should have gilt his grave,
m a traitor and a slave;—
hile the few, who thence return'd
r high rocky fortress mourn'd
ı among the matchless dead
ft behind on glory's bed,
l, and, in the face of morn,
l them and Faith and Heaven to scorn!

Be drugg'd with [illegible]
With hopes, that but allure to
With joys that vanish while
Like Dead-Sea fruits, that ten
But turn to ashes on the lip
His country's curse, his child
Outcast of virtue, peace, and
May he, at last, with lips of fl
On the parch'd desert thirstin
While lakes that shone in mo
Are fading off, untouch'd, unt
Like the once glorious hopes
And, when from earth his spi
Just Prophet, let the damn'
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven, and feel

LALLA ROOKH had had a dream the night before, which, in spite of the impending fate of poor HAFED, made her heart more than usually cheerful during the morning, and gave her cheeks all the freshened animation of a flower that the Bidmusk has just passed over. She fancied that she was sailing on the Eastern Ocean, where the sea-gipsies who live for ever on the water, enjoy a perpetual summer in wandering from isle to isle, when she saw a small gilded bark approaching her. It was like one of those boats which the Maldivian islanders annually send adrift, at the mercy of winds and waves, loaded with perfumes, flowers, and odoriferous wood as an offering to the Spirit whom they call King of the Sea. At first, this little bark appeared to be empty, but on coming nearer——

She had proceeded thus far in relating the dream to her Ladies, when FERAMORZ appeared at the door of the pavilion. In his presence, of course, every thing else was forgotten, and the continuance of the story was instantly requested by all. Fresh wood of aloes was set to burn in the cassolets;—the violet sherbets were hastily handed round, and, after a short prelude on his lute, in the pathetic measure of Nava, which is always used to express the lamentation of absent lovers, the Poet thus continued:—

There's not a cloud in that b
But tells of storm to come
Here, flying loosely as the n
Of a young war-horse in t
There, roll'd in masses dark
As proud to be the thunder's
While some, already burst a
Seem melting down the verge
As though the infant storm h
The mighty womb that gav
And, having swept the firmai
Was now in fierce career f
On earth, 'twas yet all calm a
A pulseless silence, dread, pı
More awful than the tempest'
The diver steer'd for ORMUS' l
And moor'd his skiff till calm
The sea-birds, with portentous

Nor friends upon the lessening strand
Linger'd to wave the unseen hand,
Or speak the farewell, heard no more;—
But lone, unheeded, from the bay
The vessel takes its mournful way,
Like some ill-destin'd bark that steers
In silence through the Gate of Tears.*

And where was stern AL HASSAN then?
Could not that saintly scourge of men
From bloodshed and devotion spare
One minute for a farewell there?
No—close within, in changeful fits
Of cursing and of prayer, he sits
In savage loneliness to brood
Upon the coming night of blood,
With that keen, second-scent of death,
By which the vulture snuffs his food
In the still warm and living breath!†
While o'er the wave his weeping daughter
Is wafted from these scenes of slaughter,—

* "The Gate of Tears, the straits or passage into the Red Sea, commonly called Babelmandel. It received this name from the old Arabians, on account of the danger of the navigation, and the number of shipwrecks by which it was distinguished; which induced them to consider as dead, and to wear mourning for all who had the boldness to hazard the passage through it into the Ethiopic ocean."—*Richardson.*

† "I have been told than whensoever an animal falls down dead, one or more vultures, unseen before, instantly appear."—*Pennant.*

Does the long
Light up no gladn
The flowers she nu
Where oft in dreau
Once more to see h
Come bounding wit
Her birds' new plum
And the gay, glean
She left, all filletted w
Shooting around th
Her little garden mos
And once again, at e
To tell her ruby rosary
In her own sweet aca
Can these delights that
Call up no sunshine on h
No—silent, from her tra
As if ev'n now she felt at
The chill of her approach
She sits, all lovely in her
As a pale Angel of the Gra
And o'er

Looks, with a shudder to those towers,
Where, in a few short awful hours,
Blood, blood, in streaming tides shall run,
Foul incense for to-morrow's sun!
'Where art thou, glorious stranger! thou,
"So lov'd, so lost, where art thou now?
"Foe—Gheber—infidel—whate'er
"Th' unhallowed name thou'rt doom'd to bear,
"Still glorious—still to this fond heart
"Dear as its blood, whate'er thou art!
"Yes—ALLA, dreadful ALLA! yes—
"If there be wrong, be crime in this,
"Let the black waves that round us roll,
"Whelm me this instant, ere my soul,
"Forgetting faith,—home,—father,—all—
"Before its earthly idol fall,
"Nor worship ev'n Thyself above him—
"For oh! so wildly do I love him,
"Thy Paradise itself were dim
"And joyless, if not shar'd with him!
Her hands were clasp'd—her eyes upturn'd,
Dropping their tears like moonlight rain;
And, though her lip, fond raver! burn'd
With words of passion, bold profane,
Yet was there light around her brow,
A holiness in those dark eyes,
Which show'd—though wandering earthward now,—
Her spirit's home was in the skies.
Yes—for a spirit, pure as hers,
Is always pure, ev'n while it errs;
As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turn'd astray, is sunshine still!

With the rude riot of the sky.—
But hark !—that war-whoop on t
That crash, as if each engine t
Mast, sails, and all, were gone tc
Mid yells and stampings of de
Merciful heav'n ! what *can* it be
'Tis not the storm, though fearfu
The ship has shuddered as she rc
O'er mountain waves—Forgive n
"Forgive me"—shriek'd the mai
Trembling all over,—for she felt,
As if her judgment hour was ne
While crouching round, half de
Her hand-maids clun, nor breat
When, hark !—a second crash—
And now, as if a bolt of thunder
Had riv'n the labouring planks
The deck falls in—what horrors

ıd snatch'd her breathless from beneath
ıis wilderment of wreck and death?
ıe knew not—for a faintness came
ıill o'er her, and her sinking frame
nid the ruins of that hour
:y, like a pale and scorched flower,
neath the red volcano's shower!
.t oh! the sights and sounds of dread
at shock'd her, ere her senses fled!
e yawning deck—the crowd that strove
on the tottering planks above—
e sail, whose fragments, shivering o'er
e strugglers' heads, all dash'd with gore.
utter'd like bloody flags—the clash
sabres, and the lightning's flash
on their blades, high toss'd about
ce meteor brands*—as if throughout
The elements one fury ran,
e general rage, that left a doubt
Which was the fiercer, Heav'n or Man!

ce too—but no—it could not be—
'Twas fancy all—yet once she thought,
hile yet her fading eyes could see,
High on the ruin'd deck she caught
glimpse of that unearthly form
That glory of her soul—ev'n then,
nid the whirl of wreck and storm,
Shining above his fellow men,
), on some black troublous night,

* The meteors that Pliny calls "faces."

With war-cloaks, [illegible]
And shawl and sash, on javelins h
For awning o'er her head are flu
Shuddering she look'd around—th
A group of warriors in the sun
Resting their limbs, as for that da
Their ministry of death were d
Some gazing on the drowsy sea
Lost in unconscious reverie;
And some who seem'd but ill to b
That sluggish calm, with many a
To the slack sail impatient cast,
As loose it flagg'd around the ma

Blest ALLA! who shall save her
There's not in all that warrior
One Arab sword, one turban'd
From her own Faithful Mosl
Their garb—the leathern belt*
Each yellow vest†—that reb
The Tartar fleece upon their c

Yes—yes—her fears are all too true,
And Heav'n hath in this dreadful hour,
Abandon'd her to HAFED's power;—
HAFED, the Gheber!—at the thought
Her very heart's blood chills within;
He, whom her soul was hourly taught
To loathe, as some foul fiend of sin,
Some minister, whom Hell had sent
To spread its blast, where'er he went
And fling, as o'er our earth he trod,
His shadow betwixt man and God!
And she is now his captive,—thrown
In his fierce hands, alive alone;
His the infuriate band she sees,
All infidels—all enemies!
What was the daring hope that then
Cross'd her like lightning, as again
With boldness that despair had lent,
She darted through that armed crowd
A look so searching, so intent,
That ev'n the sternest warrior bow'd
Abash'd when he her glances caught,
As if he guess'd whose form they sought.
But no—she sees him not—'tis gone,—
The vision, that before her shone
Through all the maze of blood and storm,
Is fled—'twas but a phantoms form—
One of those passing, rainbow dreams,
Half light, half shade, which Fancy's beams
Paint on the fleeting mists that roll
In trance or slumber round the soul!

But now the bark, with livelier bound,
Scales the blue wave—the crew's in motion—

Those towers tha
Where MECCA's g
Lie, like beleag
In their last dea

Amid th' illumin'd
Sunless that mighty
Save where, above i
There shone a flamir
As 'twere the flag o
Hung out to mark w
Had her bewilder'd n
Of thought in this ter
She well might marve
Man's foot could scale
Since ne'er had Arab
Of path but through th
But every thought was
When

Through which departed spirits go;
Not ev'n the flare of brand and torch
Its flickering light could further thro
Than the thick flood that boil'd below
Silent they floated—as if each
Sat breathless, and too aw'd for speech
In that dark chasm, where even sound
Seem'd dark,—so sullenly around
The goblin echoes of the cave
Mutter'd it o'er the long black wave,
As 'twere some secret of the grave!
But soft—they pause—the current turns
Beneath them from its onward track;—
Some mighty, unseen barrier spurns
The vexed tide, all foaming, back,
And scarce the oar's redoubled force
Can stem the eddy's whirling course;
When, hark!—some desperate foot has sprung
mong the rocks—the chain is flung—
he oars are up—the grapple clings,
nd the toss'd bark in moorings swings.
it then a day-beam through the shade
ke tremulous—but, ere the maid
see from whence the brightness steals.
n her brow she shuddering feels
ewless hand, that promptly ties
ndage round her burning eyes;
e the rude litter where she lies,
ed by the warrior throng,
he steep rocks is borne along.
ower of sunshine! genial Day,
alm, what life is in thy ray!
thee is such real bliss,

..., though she
Or whither wound the
Yet knew by that awaker
Which suddenly around
That they had ris'n from
And breath'd the sunny w

But soon this balmy freshn
For now the steepy labyrin
Through damp and gloom-
And fall of loosen'd crags t
The leopard from his hungr
Who, starting, thinks eac
And long is heard from step
Chasing them down their
The jackal's cry—the distan
Of the hyæna, fierce and lon
And that eternal, saddening
Of torrents in the glen ben
As 'twere the ever-dark Profo
That rolls beneath the Bridge
All, all is fearful

And by such sounds of horror fed,
  Could frame more dreadful of her own.

But does she dream? has Fear again
Perplex'd the workings of her brain,
Or did a voice, all music, then
Come from the gloom, low whispering near—
"Trembling not, love, thy Gheber's here?"
She *does* not dream—all sense, all ear,
She drinks the words, "Thy Gheber's here."
'Twas his own voice—she could not err—
  Throughout the breathing world's extent
There was but *one* such voice for her,
  So kind, so soft, so eloquent!
Oh! sooner shall the rose of May
  Mistake her own sweet nightingale,
And to some meaner minstrel's lay
  Open her bosom's glowing veil,*
Than love shall ever doubt a tone,
A breath of the beloved one!
Though blest, 'mid all her ills, to think
  She has but one beloved near,
Whose smile, though met on ruin's brink,
  Hath power to make ev'n ruin dear,—
Yet soon this gleam of rapture, crost
By fears for him, is chill'd and lost,
How shall the ruthless HAFED brook
That one of Gheber blood should look,
With aught but curses in his eye,
On her—a maid of ARAB—

* A frequent image among the oriental poets. "The nightingales warbled their enchanting notes, and rent the thin veils of the rose-bud and the rose."—*Jami.*

Of Persian hearts, or turn its way r
What arm shall then the victim cover,
Or from her father shield her lover?
"Save him, my God!" she inly cries–
"Save him this night—and if thine ey
"Have ever welcom'd with delight
"The sinner's tears, the sacrifice
"Of sinners' hearts—guard him thi
"And here before thy throne I swear
"From my heart's inmost core to tea
"Love, hope, remembrance, thoug
"Link'd with each quivering life-strin
"And give it bleeding all to Thee!
"Let him but live, the burning tear,
"The sighs, so sinful yet so dear,
"Which have been all too much his o
"Shall from this hour be Heaven's al
"Youth pass'd in penitence, and age
[illegible] painful pilgrimage

leem'd, all glorious and all Thine!
ink—think what victory to win
radiant soul like his from sin;—
wandering star of virtue back
its own native, heaven-ward track!
him but live, and both are Thine,
'ogether Thine—for blest or curst,
ing or dead, his doom is mine;
nd if *he* perish, both are lost!

fate of HINDA ...
ed every trace of it from her mind
disappointment of a fair seer or
who prided themselves on their ski
visions, and who had already rem
lucky omen, that the Princess, on
after the dream, had worn a sil
blossoms of the sorrowful tree, Ni

FADLADEEN, whose wrath had
broken out during the recital of
most heterodox poem, seemed
made up his mind to the inflict
seat for the evening with all the
tyr, while the Poet continued hi
tious story thus:—

To tearless eyes and hearts at ease
The leafy shores and sun-bright seas,
That lay beneath that mountain's height,
Had been a fair, enchanting sight.
Twas one of those ambrosial eves
A day of storm so often leaves
At its calm setting—when the West
Opens her golden bowers of rest,
And a moist radiance from the skies
Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes
Of some meek penitent, whose last,
Bright hours atone for dark ones past,
And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong forgiven,
Shine, as they fall, with light from heaven!

Twas stillness all—the winds that late
Had rush'd through KERMAN's almond groves
And shaken from her bowers of date
That cooling feast the traveller loves,*
Now, lull'd to languor, scarcely curl
The Green Sea wave, whose waters gleam
Limpid, as if her mines of pearl
Were melted all to form the stream.
And her fair islets, small and bright,
With their green shores reflected there,
Look like those Peri isles of light,
That hang by spell-work in the air.

* "In parts of Kerman, whatever dates are shaken from the trees by the wind they do not touch, but leave them for those who have not any, or for travellers."—*Ebn Haukel.*

In the fierce eyes that flash'd a
And saw those towers all desolat
That o'er her head terrific frow
As if defying ev'n the smile
Of that soft heaven to gild their p
In vain, with mingled hope and f
She looks for him whose voice s
Had come, like music, to her ear
Strange, mocking dream! again
And oh! the shoots, the pangs of
That through her inmost bosom r
When voices from without proc
"HAFED, the Chief"—and, one l
The warriors shout that fearful
He comes—the rock resounds his
How shall she dare to lift her hea
Or meet those eyes, whose scorch
Not YEMEN's boldest sons can be
In whose red beam the Moslem t
Such rank and deadly lustre dwe
As in those hellish fires that light
The mandrake's charnel leaves a

all she bear that voice's tone,
ıe loud battle-cry alone
ıquadrons oft in panic ran,
d, like some vast caravan,
ıtretch'd at evening round the well,
ar the thirsting tiger's yell!

ıss she stands, with eyes cast down,
ıg beneath the fiery frown,
fancy tells her, from that brow
ıg o'er her fiercely now;
ddering, as she hears the tread
retiring warrior band.—
'as pause so full of dread;
AFED with a trembling hand
rs, and, leaning o'er her, said,
!"—that word was all he spoke,
as enough—the shriek that broke
her full bosom told the rest—
with terror, joy, surprise,
d but lifts her wondering eyes,
le them on her Gheber's breast!
'tis he—the man of blood,
ɜst of the fire-fiends brood,
the demon of the fight,
oice unnerves, whose glances blight,—
vn lov'd Gheber, mild
rious as when first he smil'd
ıne tower, and left such beams
ıre eye to light her dreams,
ɜ believ'd her bower had given
ıome wanderer from heaven!

Can bring of dark or desperate
Around such hours, but makes them
Intenser radiance while they last!

Ev'n he, this youth—though dimm'd
Each star of Hope that cheer'd him
His glories lost—his cause betray'd-
IRAN, his dear-lov'd country, made
A land of carcasses and slaves,
One dreary waste of chains and gra
Himself but lingering, dead at heart
To see the last long-struggling br
Of liberty's great soul depart,
Then lay him down, and share h
Ev'n he, so sunk in wretchedness,
With doom still darker gathering
Yet, in this moment's pure caress,
In the mild eyes that shone befor
Beaming that blest assurance, wort

Of misery's cup—how keenly quaff'd,
Though death must follow on the draught!

She too, while gazing on those eyes
That sink into her soul so deep,
Forgets all fears, all miseries,
Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,
Whom fancy cheats into a smile,
Who dreams of joy, and sobs the while!
The mighty Ruins where they stood,
Upon the mount's high, rocky verge,
Lay open tow'rds the ocean flood,
Where lightly over th' illumin'd surge
Many a fair bark that, all the day,
Had lurk'd in sheltering creek or bay,
Now bounded on and gave their sails,
Yet dripping, to the evening gales;
Like eagles, when the storm is done,
Spreading their wet wings in the sun.
The beauteous clouds, though daylight's Star
Had sunk behind the hills of LAR,
Where still with lingering glories bright,—
As if to grace the gorgeous West,
The spirit of departing Light
That eve had left its sunny vest
Behind him ere he wing'd his flight.
Never was scene so form'd for love!
Beneath them waves of chrystal move
In silent swell—heav'n glows above,
And their pure hearts, to transport given,
Swell like the wave, and glow like heav'n.
But ah! too soon that dream is past—
Again, again her fear returns;—

" At night, he said—and look, 'i
" Fly, fly—if yet thou lov'st m
" Soon will his murderous band
" And I shall see thee bleed ar
" Hush !—heard'st thou not the
" Sounding from yonder fearful
" Perhaps ev'n now they climb th
" Fly, fly—though still the We
" He'll come—oh ! yes—he want
" I know him—he'll not wait f

In terrors év'n to agony
She clings around the wonderi
" Alas, poor wilder'd maid ! to m
" Thou ow'st this raving trance
" Lost as I am, nought ever grew
" Beneath my shade but perish'd
" My doom is like the Dead Sea s
" And nothing lives that enters th
" Why were our barks together dr
" Beneath this morning's furious h

have I broke that heart-wrung vow?
weakly, madly met thee now?—
not—that noise is but the shock
orrents through yon valley hurl'd—
l nothing here—upon this rock
stand above the jarring world,
beyond its hope—its dread—
omy safety like the Dead?
ıld ev'n earth and hell unite
gue to storm this Sacred Height,
ıothing thou—myself, to-night,
ach o'erlooking star that dwells
God will be thy sentinels
ere to-morow's dawn shall glow,
lo thy sire——"
"To-morrow!—no—"
den scream'd—"thou'lt never see
rrow's sun- death, death will be
ght-cry through each reeking tower,
we fly, ay, fly this hour!
art betray'd—some wretch who knew
lreadful glen's mysterious clew—
loubt not—by yon stars 'tis true—
sold thee to my vengeful sire;
ıorning, with that smile so dire
ıs in joy, he told me all
amp'd in triumph through our hall
ugh thy heart already beat
life-throb beneath his feet!
Heav'n, how little dream'd I then
victim was my own lov'd youth!—
end—let some one watch the glen—
ıll the my hopes of heaven 'tis truth!"

...ne tale
So amaz'd
Like one who
Or some mute
Of the still l
But soon the p
And his great s
Look'd from his
Of her best, hap
Never, in momen
Did that high t
While bright, ser
His looks are l
As if the signal-lig
Were shining in
'Tis come—his hou
In IRAN's sacred ca
And though this life
Like lightning on a s
Yet shall his death-h
Of glory permanen

For vengeance on th' oppressor's crimes!
This rock his monument aloft,
Shall speak the tale to many an age;
And hither bards and heroes oft
Shall come in secret pilgrimage,
And bring their warrior sons, and tell
The wondering boys where HAFED fell.
And swear them on those lone remains
Of their lost country's ancient fanes,
Never—while breath of life shall live
Within them—never to forgive
Th' accursed race, whose ruthless chain
Hath left on IRAN's neck a stain,
Blood, blood alone can cleanse again!

Such are the swelling thoughts that now
Enthrone themselves on HAFED's brow:
And ne'er did Saint of Issa* gaze
On the red wreath, for martyrs twin'd,
More proudly than the youth surveys
That pile which through the gleam behind,
Half lighted by the altar's fire,
Glimmers,—his destin'd funeral pyre!
Heap'd by his own, his comrade's hands,
Of every wood of odorous breath,
There, by the Fire-Gods shrine it stands,
Ready to fold in radiant death
The few still left of those who swore
To perish there, when hope was o'er—
The few, to whom that couch of flame,
Which rescues them from bonds and shame.

* Jesus.

His rapid glance, where'er it ben
Why shoots his eyes such awful b
What plans he now? what thinks
Alas! why stands he musing her
When every moment teems with f
"HAFED, my own beloved Lord,'
She kneeling cries—" first, last ac
"If in that soul thou'st ever felt
"Half what thy lips impassion'
"Here on my knees that never kn
"To any but their God before,
"I pray thee, as thou lov'st me, fl
"Now, now—ere yet their blades
"Oh haste—the bark that borne m
"Can waft us o'er yon darkeni
"East—west—alas I care not whit
"So thou art safe, and I with thee
"Go where we will, this hand in th
"Those eyes before me smiling
"Through good and ill, through st
"The world's a world of love for

re thus to worship tenderly
rring child of light like thee
not be sin—or, if it be,
re we may weep our faults away,
ther kneeling, night and day,
, for *my* sake, at ALLA's shrine,
I—at *any* God's for thine!"

those passionate words she spoke—
n hung her head, and wept for shame;
g, as if a heart-string broke
h every deep-heav'd sob that came.
he, young, warm—oh! wonder not
r a moment, pride and fame,
oath—his cause— that shrine of flame,
AN's self are all forgot
r whom at his feet he sees,
ng in speechless agonies.
ame him not, if Hope awhile
d in his soul, and threw her smile
urs to come—o'er days and nights
l with those precious, pure delights
she, who bends all beauteous there,
orn to kindle and to share!
or two, which, as he bow'd
aise the suppliant, trembling stole,
arn'd him of this dangerous cloud
oftness passing o'er his soul.
g he brush'd the drops away,
thy o'er that cheek to stray;—
ne who, on the morn of fight,
from his sword the dews of night,
ad but dimm'd, not stain'd its light.

Half thought the [illegible]
As soft, as yielding as her own,
And smil'd and bless'd him, while he
"Yes—if there be some happier sphe
"Where fadeless truth ours is dear;
"If there be any land of rest
"For those who love and ne'er fo
"Oh! comfort thee—for safe and bl
"We'll meet in that calm region y

Scarce had she time to ask her hear
If good or ill those words impart,
When the rous'd youth impatient fl
To the tower-wall, where, high in
A ponderous sea-horn* hung, and
A signal, deep and dread as those
The storm-fiend at his rising blow
Full well his Chieftains, sworn ar
Through life and death, that signa
[illegible] and warning

Ready to sound o'er land and sea
That dirge-note of the brave and free.

They came—his Chieftains at the call
Came slowly round, and with them all—
Alas, how few!—the worn remains
Of those who late o er KERMAN's plains
Went gaily prancing to the clash
Of Moorish zel and tymbalon,
Catching new hope from every flash
Of their long lances in the sun—
And, as their coursers charg'd the wind,
And the white ox-tails stream'd behind,*
Looking, as if the steeds they rode
Were wing'd, and every Chief a God!
How fall'n, how alter'd now! how wan
Each scarr'd and faded visage shone,
As round the burning shrine they came;—
How deadly was the glare it cast,
As mute they pass'd before the flame
To light their torches as they pass'd!
'Twas silence all—the youth had plann'd
The duties of his soldier-band;
And each determin'd brow declares
His faithful Chieftains well know theirs.

But minutes speed—night gems the skies—
And oh how soon, ye blessed eyes,
That look from heaven, ye may behold
Sights that will turn your star-fires cold!

* "The finest ornament for the horses is made of six large flying tassels of long white hair, taken out of the tails of wild oxen, that are to be found in some places of the Indies."—*Thevenot.*

And press'd her hand—that lin
Of hands, that for the last ti
Of hearts, whose pulse of happi
When that hold breaks is dea
And yet to *her* this sad caress
Gives hope—so fondly hope c
'Twas joy, she thought, joy's mu
Their happy flight's dear har
'Twas warmth—assurance—ten
'Twas any thing but leaving
"Haste, haste!" she cried "the
"But still, ere night, we'll reach
"And by to-morrow's dawn—o
"With thee upon the sunbrig
"Far off I'll but remember this,
"As some dark vanish'd drea
"And thou——" but ha!—he a
Good Heav'n!—and does she
She now has reach'd that dismal
Where some hours since, his v
Had come to soothe her fears an

ow—oh now, he is not nigh—
AFED! my HAFED!—if it be
will, thy doom this night to die,
et me but stay to die with thee,
I will bless thy loved name,
the last life-breath leave this frame.
let our lips, our cheeks be laid
near each other while they fade;
us but mix our parting breaths,
I can die ten thousand deaths!
too, who hurry me away
uelly, one moment stay—
' stay—one moment is not much
et may come—for *him* I pray—
ED! dear HAFED!—" all the way
vild lamentings, that would touch
t of stone, she shriek'd his name
dark woods—no HAFED came:—
apless pair—you've look'd your last;
r hearts should both have broken then;
ream is o'er—your doom is cast—
'll never meet on earth again!
or him, who hears her cries!—
half-way down the steep he stands,
ing with fix'd and feverish eyes
glimmer of those burning brands,
lown the rocks, with mournful ray,
all the loves on earth away!
ess as they who, far at sea,
he cold moon have just consign'd
orse of one, lov'd tenderly,
he bleak flood they leave behind;

From the land it comes, and loud
Rings through the chasm; as if the c
Of fearful things, that haunt that de
Its Gholes and Dives and shapes of l
Had all in one dread howl broke ou
So loud, so terrible that shout!
" They come—the Moslems come!
His proud soul mounting to his eye
" Now, Spirits of the Brave, who r
" Enfranchis'd through yon starry c
" Rejoice—for souls of kindred fire
" Are on the wing to join your choi
He said—and, light as bridegroom'
To their young loves, reclimb'd t
And gain'd the shrine—his Chiefs
Their swords, as with instinctive
Together at that cry accurst,
Had from their sheaths, like sunbe
And hark!—again—again it rings;
Near and more near its echoings
Peal through the chasm—oh! who

e read their thoughts—they were his own—
"What! while our arms can wield these blades,
Shall we die tamely? die alone?
Without one victim to our shades,
One Moslem heart where, buried deep,
The sabre from its toil may sleep?
No—God of IRAN's burning skies!
Thou scorn'st th' inglorious sacrifice.
No—though of all earth's hope bereft,
Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.
We'll make yon valley's reeking caves
"Live in the awe-struck minds of men,
'Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves
"Tell of the Gheber's bloody glen.
Follow, brave hearts!—this pile remains
Our refuge still from life and chains;
But his the best, the holiest bed,
Who sinks entomb'd in Moslem dead!

Down the precipitious rocks they sprung,
While vigour, more than human, strung
Each arm aud heart—Th' exulting foe
Still through the dark defiles below,
Track'd by his torches lurid fire,
Wound slow, as through COLCONDA's vale*
The mighty serpent, in his ire,
Glides on with glittering, deadly trail.
No torch the Ghebers need—so well
They know each mystery of the dell,
So oft, have in their wanderings,
Cross'd the wild race that round them dwell,

V. Hoole upon the Story of Sinbad.

Fit spo...
The many fall'n before the few.
The torrents from that morning
Had fill'd the narrow chasm bre
And, on each side, aloft and wil
Huge cliffs and toppling crags w
The guards, with which young F
The pathways to her mountain
Here, at this pass, the scanty b
Of IRAN's last avengers stand—
Here wait, in silence like the de
And listen for the Moslem's tre
So anxiously, the carrion-bird
Above them flaps his wings un

They come—that plunge into t
Gives signal for the work of sl
Now, Ghebers, now—if ere yo
Had point or prowes, prove
Woe to the file that foremost
They come—a falchion gre
And, as they tumble, trunk o

But listless from each crimson hand
  The sword hangs, clogg'd with massacre.
Never was horde of tyrants met
With bloodier welcome—never yet
To patriot vengeance hath the sword
More terrible libations pour'd!
All up the dreary, long ravine,
By the red, murky glimmer seen
Of half-quench'd brands, that o'er the flood
Lie scatter'd round and burn'd in blood,
What ruin glares! what carnage swims!
Heads, blazing turbans, quivering limbs,
Lost swords that, dropp'd from many a hand,
In that thick pool of slaughter stand;—
Wretches who wading, half on fire
  From the toss'd bands that round them fly,
'Twixt flood and flame in shrieks expire;—
  And some grasp'd by those that die,
Sink woundless with them, smother'd o'er
In their dead brethren's gushing gore!

But vainly hundreds, thousands, bleed,
Still hundreds, thousands more succeed;—
Countless as tow'rds some flame at night
The North's dark insects wing their flight,
And quench or perish in its light,
To this terrific spot they pour—
Till bridg'd with Moslem bodies o'er,
It bears aloft their slippery tread,
And o'er the dying and the dead,
Tremendous causeway! on they pass,—
Then, hapless Ghebers, then, alas,
  What hope was left for you? for you,

These words have rou
Of life within him—
"Beyond the reach of
The thought could mak
His icy bondage—with
He springs, all bleedin
And grasps his comrade
Ev'n feebler, heavier th
And up the feeble pathw
Death gaining on each st
Speed them, thou God, w
They mount—they bleed
The crags are red they've
The rock-weeds dripping
Thy blade too HAFED fals
Now breaks beneath thy
Haste, haste—the voices o
Come near and nearer fro
One effort more—thank He
They've gain'd the topmost
And now they touch

"The mark for every coward's spear?
"No, by my altar's sacred beams!"
He cries, and, with a strength that seems
Not of this world, uplifts the frame
Of the fall'n Chief, and tow'rds the flame
Bears him along;—with death-damp hand
The corps upon the pyre he lays,
Then lights the consecrated brand,
And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze
Like lightning bursts o'er OMAN's Sea,—
"Now, Freedom's God! I come to Thee,"
The youth exclaims, and with a smile
Of triumph vaulting on the pile,
In that last effort, ere the fires
Have harm'd one glorious limb, expieres!

What shriek was that on OMAN's tide?
It came from yonder drifting bark,
That just has caught upon her side
The death-light—and again is dark.
It is the boat—ah, why delay'd?—
That bears the wretched Moslem maid;
Confided to the watchful care
Of a small veteran band, with whom
Their generous Chieftain would not share
The secret of his final doom;
But hop'd when HINDA, safe and free,
Was render'd to her father's eyes,
Their pardon, full and prompt would be
The ransom of so dear a prize.
Unconscious, thus, of HAFED's fate,
And proud to guard their beauteous freight;
Scarce had they clear'd the surfy waves

They rock'd along the wi
While every eye in mute dis
Was tow'rd that fatal mo
Where the dim altar's quive
As yet all lone and tranq

Oh! 'tis not HINDA, in the
Of fancy's most terrific t
To paint thy pangs in that
Thy silent agony—'twas
As those who feel could pai
But none e'er felt and liv'd
'Twas not alone the dreary
Of a lorn spirit, crush'd by
When, though no more re
The panic chill will not
When though the inmate
Her ghost still haunts t
No—pleasures, hopes, aff
The wretch may bear, an
Like things, within the co

That breathless, agoniz'd suspense,
From whose hot throb, whose deadly aching
The heart hath no relief but breaking!

Calm is the wave—heav'n's brilliant lights
  Reflected dance beneath the prow;
Time was when, on such lovely nights,
She who is there, so desolate now,
Could sit all cheerful, though alone,
  And ask no happier joy than seeing
That star-light o'er the waters thrown—
No joy but that to make her blest,
  And the fresh, buoyant sense of Being
That bounds in youth's yet careless breast.
Itself a star not borrowing light,
But in its own glad essence bright
How different now!—but, hark, again
The yell of havoc rings—brave men!
In vain, with beating hearts, ye stand
Half draws the falchion from its sheath;
  All's o'er—in rust your blades may lie;—
He, at whose word they've scatter'd death,
  Ev'n now, this night, himself must die!
Well may ye look to yon dim tower,
  And ask, and wondering guess what means
The battle cry at this dead hour—
  Ah! she could tell you—she, who lean
Unheeded there, pale, sunk, aghast,
With brow against the dew cold mast—
  Too well she knows—her more than life,
Her soul's first idol and its last,
  Lies bleeding in that murderous strife.

'Twas but a moment-
The death-pile blaz'd
And far away o'er roc
Its melancholy radi
While HAFED, like a
Reveal'd before the bu
Tall, shadowy, like a s
Shrin'd in its own gr
"'Tis he!"—the shudde
But, while she speaks
High burst in air the fu
And IRAN's hopes and

One wild, heart-broken s
Then sprung, as if to reac
Where still she fix'd he
And, gazing, sunk into the
Deep, deep,—where never
Shall reach her innocent h

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to the growing,
How light was thy heart 'till love's witchery
came,
Like the wind of the south* o'er a summer lute
blowing,
And hush'd all its music and wither'd its frame!

But long, upon ARABY's green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
With nought but the sea star† to light up her
tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the
old,‡
The happiest there, from ther pastime returning,
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she
dresses
Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

* "This wind [the Samoor] so softens the strings of lutes, that they can never be tuned while it lasts."—*Stephen's Persia.*

† "One of the greatest curiosities found in the Persian Gulf is a fish which the English call Star-fish. It is circular, and at night very luminous, resembling the full moon surrounded by rays."—*Mirza Abu Tsleb.*

‡ For a description of the merriment of the date-time, of their work, their dances, and their return home from the palm-groves at the end of autumn with the fruits, v. *Kempfer, Amœnitat, Exot.*

deep;
Each flower of the rock and each
Shall sweeten thy bed and illun

Around thee shall glisten the love
That ever the sorrowing sea-bir
With many a shell, in whose hollc
ber,
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonli

We'll dive where the gardens of
And plant all the rosiest stems
We'll seek where the sands of
sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew
Farewell—farewell—until Pity'
Is lost in the hearts of the fair
They' ll weep for the Chieftain
mountain,
They'll weep for the Maiden
wave.

THE singular placidity with which FADLADEEN had listened, during the latter part of this obnoxious story, surprised the Princess and FERAMORZ exceedingly; and even inclined towards him the hearts of these unsuspicious young persons, who little knew the source of a complacency so marvellous. The truth was, he had been organizing, for the last few days, a most notable plan of persecution against the poet, in consequence of some passages that had fallen from him on the second evening of recital, which appeared to this worthy Chamberlain to contain language and principles, for which nothing short of the summary criticism of the Chabuk* would be advisable. It was his intention, therefore, immediately on their arrival at Cashmere, to give information to the king of Bucharia of the very dangerous sentiments of his minstrel; and if, unfortunately, that monarch did not act with suitable vigour on the occasion, (that is, if he did not give the Chabuk to FERAMORZ, and a place to FADLADEEN,) there would be an end, he feared, of all legitimate government in Bucharia. He could not help, however, auguring better both for himself and the cause of potentates in general; and it was the pleasure arising from these mingled anticipations that diffused such unusual satisfaction through his features, and made his eyes shine out like poppies of the desert, over the wide and lifeless wilderness of that countenance.

* "The application of whips or rods."—*Dubois.*

Queen—he agreeably disappoin
saying, with an ironical smile,
such a poem deserved to be trie
tribunal; and then suddenly pas
negyric upon all Mussulman so
ticularly his august and Imperi
zebe—the wisest and best of the
mur—who, among other great
for mankind, had given to him,
ry proatable posts of Betel ca
Sherbets to the Emperor, Chie
dle of beautiful Forms,* and Gr
berlain of the Haram

They were now not far fron
ver,† beyond which no pure H
were reposing for a time in th
sun Abdaul, which had always
ing-place of the emperors in
tions to Cashmere. Here often

* Kempfer mentions such an office

Faith, Jehanguire, wandered with his beloved and beautiful Nourmahal; and here would LALLA ROOKH have been happy to remain for ever, giving up the throne of Bucharia and the world, for FERAMORZ and love in this sweet lonely valley. The time was now fast approaching when she must see him no longer—or see him with eyes whose every look belonged to another; and there was a melancholy preciousness in these last moments, which made her heart cling to them as it would to life. During the latter part of the journey, indeed, she had sunk into a deep sadness, from which nothing but the presence of the young minstrel could awake her. Like those lamps in tombs, which only light up when the air is admitted, it was only at his approach that her eyes became smiling and animated. But here in this dear valley, every moment was an age of pleasure; she saw him all day, and was, therefore, all day happy—resembling, she often thought, that people of Zinge, who attribute the unfading cheerfulness they enjoy to one genial star that rises nightly over their heads.*

The whole party, indeed, seemed in their liveliest mood during the few days they passed in this delightful solitude. The young attendants of the Princess, who were here allowed a freer range than they could safely be indulged with in a less sequestered place, ran wild among the gardens and bounded through the meadows lightly as young roes over the aromatic plains of Tibet. While FADLADEEN, beside the spiritual comfort he derived from a pil-

* The Star Soheil, or Canopus.

creature ha
the attitude

About tw
Royal Gard
the care of so
still, though
This place, w
terrupted only
in its marble b
those hills was
could fancy of
venly tranquillit
cus, "it was too
to the sweet voic
eyes what yet he
exquisite moments
One evening, when
tana Nourmahal—
had so often wand
fed with her own ha
small shini

l, he said, to the reconcilement of a sort of lo-
uarrel, which took place between her and the
or during a Feast of Roses at Cashmere; and
remind the Princess of that difference be-
Haroun-al-Raschid and his fair mistress Ma-
which was so happily made up by the soft
of the musician, Moussali. As the story was
to be told in song, and FERAMORZ had un-
forgotten his own lute in the valley, he bor-
the vina of LALLA ROOK's little Persian slave.
us began:—

its temples, and
As the love-li
wave?

Oh! to see it at su
Its splendour at
Like a bride full of
A last look of her u
When the shrines th
half shown,
And each hallows the
Here the music of pr
Here the magian h
ing,
And here, at the altar,
Round the waist of
ringing.†
Or to see it by moonligl
The light o'er its palaces
When the water-falls gl
stars,
And

Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
From the cool, shining walks where the young
people meet.—
Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
A new wonder each minute as slowly it breaks,
Hills, cupolas, fountains, call'd forth every one
Out of darkness, as they were just born of the Sun.
When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,
From his Haram of night-flowers stealing away!
And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover
The young aspen-trees* till they tremble all over.
When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,
And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurl'd,
Shines in through the mountainous† portal that opes,
Sublime, from that Valley of bliss to the world!

But never yet, by night or day,
In dew of spring or summer's ray,
Did the sweet Valley shine so gay
As now it shines—all love and light,
Visions by day and feasts by night!
A happier smile illumes each brow,
With quicker spread each heart uncloses,
And all is ectasy,—for now
The Valley holds its Feast of Roses‡
That joyous time, when pleasures pour
Profusely round, and in their shower

*"The little isles in the Lake of Cachemire are set with arbours and large-leaved aspen-trees, slender and tall." *Bernier.*

†"The Tuckt Saliman, the name bestowed by the Mahometans on this hill, forms one side of a grand portal to the Lake."—*Forster.*

‡"The Feast of Roses continues the whole time of their remaining in bloom."—v. *Pietro de la Valle.*

Upon the Lake, serene
When day had hid his sul
Behind the palms of Ba
When maids began to lift
Refresh'd from their embı
Where they had slept the
And wak'd to moonlight a
All were abroad—the bus
On Bela's‡ hills is less ali
When saffron beds are in
Than look'd the Valley at
A thousand restless torche
Through every grove and
A thousand sparkling lam
On every dome and minar
And fields and pathways, f
Were lighted by a blaze s
That you could see, in wa
The smallest rose-leaf on t
Yet did the maids and mat
Their veils at home, that b

nd there were glancing eyes about,
nd cheeks, that would not dare shine out
ı open day, but thought they might
ook lovely then, because 'twas night!
nd all were free, and wandering,
And all exclaim'd to all they met
hat never did the summer bring
So gay a Feast of Roses yet;—
he moon had never shed a light
So clear as that which bless'd them there;
he roses ne'er shone half so bright,
Nor they themselves look'd half so fair.
nd what a wilderness of flowers!
seem'd as though from all the bowers
nd fairest fields of all the year,
he mingled spoil were scatter'd here.
he Lake too like a garden breathes,
With the rich buds that o'er it lie,—
s if a shower of fairy wreaths
Had fall'n upon it from the sky!
And then the sounds of joy—the beat
Of tabors and of dancing feet;—
The minaret-cryer's chaunt of glee
Sung from his lighted gallery,*
And answer'd by a ziraleet
From neighbouring Haram, wild and sweet;—
The merry laughter, echoing
From gardens, where the silken swing

* "It is the custom among the women to employ the Maazeen,) chaunt from the gallery of the nearest minaret, which on ıat occasion is illuminated, and the women assembled at the ouse respond at intervals with a ziraleet or joyous chorus.—*Russell.*

And the sounds from th
ring boats,
As they shoot through
ping of oars,
And the wild, airy wa
floats,
Through the groves, r
the shores
Like those of KATHAY ut
An answer in song to the
But the gentlest of all are
ing,
That soft from the lute of
Some lover, who know
power
Of a lute and a sigh in thi
Oh! best of delights as it
To be near the lov'd *One*,-

* "At the keeping of the Fea

o in moonlight and music thus sweetly may glide
r the Lake of CASHMERE, with that *One* by his side!
Voman can make the worst wilderness dear,
nk, think what a Heav'n she must make of CASHMERE!

felt the magnificent Son of ACBAR,*
en from power and pomp and the trophies of war
flew to that Valley, forgetting them all
h the Light of the Haram, his young NOURMAHAL.
en free and uncrown'd as the Conqueror rov'd
the banks of that Lake, with his only belov'd,
saw, in the wreaths she would playfully snatch
m the hedges, a glory his crown could not match,
l preferr'd in his heart the least ringlet that curl'd
vn her exquisite neck to the throne of the world!

re's a beauty, forever unchangingly bright,
e the long, sunny lapse of a summer days' light,
ning on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
Love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour.
s *was* not the beauty—oh! nothing like this,
it to young NOURMAHAL gave such magic of bliss;

Jehangulre was the son of the Great Acbar.

When pensive it seem'd as if
That charm of all others, wa
And when angry,—for ev'
climes
Light breezes will ruffle the l
The short passing anger but
New beauty like flowers tl
shaken.
If tenderness touch'd her, the
At once took a darker, a hea
From the depth of whose sh
ings
From innermost shrines, (
feelings !
Then her mirth—oh ! 'twas
wing
From the heart with a bu
Spring ;—
Illum'd by a wit that would f
Yet playful as Peris just loo

ile her laugh, full of life, without any controul
the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul;
l where it most sparkled no glance could discover,
ip, cheek or eyes, for she brighten'd all over,—
e any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
en it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.
h, such were the peerless enchantments that gave
JRMAHAL the proud Lord of the East, for her slave;
l though bright was his Haram,—a living parterre
the flow'rs* of this planet—though treasures was there,
which SOLIMAN's self might have giv'n all the store
it the navy from OPHIR e'er wing'd to his shore,
dim before *her* were the smiles of them all,
l the Light of his Haram was young NOUR-MAHAL!

ut where is she now, this night of joy,
Vhen bliss is every heart's employ?—
Vhen all around her is so bright,
o like the visions of a trance,
hat one might think, who came by chance
nto the vale this happy night,

In the Malay language the same word signifies women lowers.

Alas—how light a cause may
Dissensions between hearts t
Hearts that the world in vair
And sorrow but more closely
That stood the storm, when
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone do
When heav'n was all tranqui
A something, light as air—a
A word unkind, or wrongl
Oh! love, that tempests neve
A breath, a touch like this
And ruder words will soon ru
To spread the breach that w
And eyes forget the gentle ra
They wore in courtship's smi
And voices lose the tone that
A tenderness round all they s
Till fast declining one by one
The sweetnesses of love are

Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods, that part forever.

Oh you, that have the charge of Love,
Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
As in the Fields of Bliss above
He sits, with flowrets fetter'd round ;*—
Loose not a tie that round him clings,
Nor ever let him use his wings ;
For ev'n an hour, a minute's flight
Will rob the plumes of half their light.
Like that celestial bird,—whose nest
Is found beneath far Eastern skies,—
Whose wings; though radiant when at rest,
Lose all their glory when he flies† !
Some difference, of this dangerous kind,—
By which, though light, the links that bind
The fondest hearts may soon be riven ;
Some shadow in love's summer heaven.
Which, though a fleecy speck at first,
May yet in awful thunder burst ;—
Such cloud it is, that now hangs over
The heart of the Imperial Lover,
And far hath banish'd from his sight
His NOURMAHAL, his Haram's Light !

*See the representation of the Eastern Cupid pinioned closely round with wreaths of flowers, in *Picart'* cérémonis Religieuses.

† "Among the birds of onquin is a species of goldfinch, which sings so melodiously that it is called Celestial Bird. Its wings when it is perched, appear variegated with beautiful colour, but when it flies they lose all their splendour.

Grosier.

their odour to themselves al
But when the sun-light dies a
Let the delicious secret out
To every breeze that roams al
When thus NAMOUNA:—"'Tis
"That scatters spells on herb
"And garlands might be gathe
"That twin'd around the sleep
"Would make him dream of su
"Such miracles and dazzling s
"As Genii of the Sun behold,
"At evening, from their tents o
"Upon the horizon—where the
"Till twilight comes, and ray by
"Their sunny mansions melt av
"Now, too, a chaplet might be
"Of buds o'er which the moon h
"Which worn by her, whose lov
"Might bring some Peri from
"Some sprite, whose very soul is
"Of flowrets' breaths and

NAMOUNA, the Enchantress;—one,
O'er whom his race the golden sun
For unremember'd years has run,
Yet never saw her blooming brow
Younger or fairer than 'tis now.
Nay, rather, as the westwind's sigh
Freshens the flower it passes by,
Time's wing but seem'd, in stealing o'er,
To leave her lovelier than before.
Yet on her smiles a sadness hung,
And when, as oft, she spoke or sung
Of other worlds, there came a light
From her dark eyes so strangely bright,
That all believ'd nor man nor earth
Were conscious of NAMOUNA's birth!
All spells and talismans she knew,
From the great Mantra,* which around
The Air's sublimer Spirits drew,
To the gold gems† of AFRIC, bound
Upon the wandering Arab's arm,
To keep him from the Siltim's‡ harm.
And she had pledg'd her powerful art,
Pledg'd it with all the zeal and heart
Of one who knew, though high her sphere,
What 'twas to lose a love so dear,

* "He is said to have found the great *Mantra*, spell or talisman, through which he ruled over the elements and spirits of all denominations."—*Wilford.*

† "The gold jewels of Jinnie, which are called by the Arabs El Herrez, from the supposed charm they contain."—*Jackson.*

‡ "A demon, supposed to haunt woods, etc. in a human shape."—*Richardson.*

— fragrant blossom o

And to the humble rc
Whose sweets so thank
To scent the desert‡—a
All in that garden bloo
Are gather'd by young
Who heaps her baskets
And leaves, till they c
Then to NAMOUNA flies,
Upon her lap the shini

With what delight th' E
So many buds, bath'd wi
And beams of that bless'
Spoke something, past
As, in a kind of holy trat
She hung above those
Bending to drink their ba

* "The largest and richest so
is called Amrita or immortal, a
apply the same word to

if she mix'd her soul with theirs,
d 'twas, indeed, the perfume shed
ɔm flow'rs and scented flame that fed
r charmed life—for none had e'er
ıeld her taste of mortal fare,
r ever in aught earthly dip,
the morn's dew, her roseate lip.
'd with the cool, inspiring smell,
Enchantress now begins her spell;
ıs singing, as she winds and weaves
nystic form the glittering leaves:—

I know where the winged visions dwell
That around the night-bed play;
I know each herb and flowret's bell,
Where they hide their wings by day.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The image of love, that nightly flies
To visit the bashful maid,
Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs
Its soul, like her, in the shade.
The hope, in dreams, of a happpier hour
That alights on misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond-flower,
That blooms on a leafless bough,*

* "The almond-tree, with white flowers, blossoms on the branches."—*Hasselquist.*

The phantom shapes—oh fou
That appal the murderer's
Lurk in the fleshy mandrake's
That shrieks, when torn at
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and fl

The dream of the injur'd, pati
That smiles at the wrongs
Is found in the bruis'd and w
Of the cinnamon, sweetest
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and f

No sooner was the flowery crown
Plac'd on her head, than sleep ca
Gently as nights of summer fall

, suddenly, a tuneful breeze,
ıll of small, rich harmonies
ver wind, that o'er the tents
ZAB* blew, was full of scents,
ls on her ear and floats and swells,
ke the first air of morning creeping
those wreathy, Red-Sea shells,
here Love himself, of old, lay sleeping;†—
now a spirit form'd, 'twould seem,
music and of light, so fair,
illiantly his features beam,
d such a sound is in the air
veetness, when he waves his wings,
rs around her, and thus sings:—

ı CHINDARA's† warbling fount I come,
ll'd by that moonlight garland's spell;
ı CHINDARA's fount, my fairy home,
ıere in music, morn and night, I dwell.
e lutes in the air are heard about,
d voices are singing the whole day long,
every sigh the heart breathes out
turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song!
Hither I come
From my fairy home,

ıe myrrh country.

This idea [of deities living in shells] was not unknown to eeks, who represent the young Nerites, one of the Cu- s living in shells on the shores of the Red Sea."—*Wil-*

A fabulous fountain, where instruments are said to be ntly playing."—*Richardson.*

That fall as soft as
And melt in the hea
And the passionate
Refines the bosom
As the musk-wind, c
Ruffles the wave, l

Mine is the charm, w
The Spirits of past D
Let but the tuneful t
And they come, like (
And mine is the gentl
From soul to soul, t
As a bird, that wafts t
The cinnamon seed
'Tis I that mingle in on
The past, the present,
When Memory links th
With the blissful tone
And Hope from a heave
To a note more heave

wn white plume, that high amid death
ı the field has shone—yet moves with a
reath.
, how the eyes of beauty glisten,
Music has reach'd her inward soul,
silent stars, that wink and listen
Heav'n's eternal melodies roll!
So hither I come,
From my fairy home,
there's a magic in Music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
over shall sigh at thy feet again.

'n—at least that earlier dawn,
glimpses are again withdrawn,*
e morn had wak'd, and then
ıse her lids of light again.
URMAHAL is up, and trying
vonders of her lute, whose strings—
!—now murmur like the sighing
that ambrosial Spirit's wings!
ın, her voice—'tis more than human
ill now, had it been given
of any mortal woman
ter notes so fresh from heaven;

y have two mornings, the Soobhi Kazim, and the
dig, the false and the real day-break."—*Waring*.

For things so hea
But, far from fading
Richer, diviner as it
Till rapt she dwells
And pours again eac
Like Echo, lost and l
In love with her ow
That evening, (trustin
Might be from haun
By mirth, by music, a
Th' Imperial SELIM
In his magnificent Shal
In whose saloons, whe
Of evening o'er the wat
The Valley's loveliest al
All the bright creatures
Glide through its foliage,
Of beauty from its fount
And all those wandering
Who leave—how *can* the
Of that dear V

Singing in gardens of the South*
hose songs, that ne'er so sweetly sound
As from a young Cashmerian's mouth;
here too the Haram's inmates smile;—
Maids from the West, with sun-bright hair,
nd from the Garden of the NILE,
Delicate as the roses there;†
aughters of Love from CYPRUS' rocks,
ith Paphian diamonds in their locks;‡—
ght Peri forms, such as there are
the gold meads of CANDAHAR;||
nd they, before whose sleepy eyes,
In their own bright Kathaian bowers,
arkle such rainbow butterflies,§
That they might fancy the rich flowers,

"From him I received the following little Gazzel, or Love g, the notes of which he committed to paper from the voice one of those singing girls of Cashmere, who wander from t delightful valley over the various parts of India."—*Per- a Miscellanies.*

"The roses of the Jinan Nile, or Garden of the Nile, (at- hed to the Emperor of Morocco's palace) are unequalled, mattrasses are made of their leaves for men of rank to re- e upon."—*Jackson.*

"On the side of a mountain near Paphos there is a cavern ich produces the most beautiful rock crystal. On account ts brilliancy it has been called the Paphian diamond."— *riti.*

"There is a part of Candahar, called Peria or Fairy Land." *vant.* In some of those countries to the North of India ve- ible gold is supposed to be produced.

"These are the butterflies, which are called in the Chinese guage Flying Leaves. Some of them have such shining col- , and are so variegated, that they may be called flying flow- ; and indeed they are always produced in the finest flower- lens." *Dunn.*

Except—except—on Nou...
Thou loveliest, dearest of them
The one, whose smile shone o
Amidst a world the only one!
Whose light, among so many
Was like that star, on starry
The seaman singles from the
To steer his bark for ever by
Thou wert not there—so SEL
And every thing seem'd dr
But ah! thou wert, thou wer
Thy charm of song all fre
Mingling unnotic'd with a b
Of lutanists from many a la
And veil'd by such a mask
The features of young Arab
A mask that leaves but one
To do its best in witchery.—
She rov'd, with beating hea
And waited, trembling, f
When she might try if still

n CASBIN's hills ;*—pomegranates full
Of melting sweetness, and the pears
nd sunniest applest that CAUBUL
In all its thousand gardens‡ bears.

lantains, the golden and the green,
ALAYA's nectar'd mangusteen ;||
unes of BOKARA, and sweet nuts
From the far groves of SAMARKAND,
nd BASRA dates, and apricots,
Seed of the Sun,§ from IRAN's land ;—
ith rich conserve of Visna cherries,¶
f Orange flowers, and of those berries
hat, wild and fresh, the young gazelles
eed on in ERAC's rocky dells**.
l these in richest vases smile,
In baskets of pure sandal-wood,

* "The golden grapes of Casbin." *Description of Persia.*

‡ "The fruits exported from Caubul are apples, pears, pomegranates, etc." *Elphinstone.*

"We sat down under a tree, listened to the birds, and talk- with the son of our Mehmaunder about our country and Cau-, of which he gave an enchanting account: that city and its 000 gardens, etc." Id.

|| "The Mangusteen, the most delicate fruit in the world ; pride of the Malay Islands." *Marsden.*

§ "A delicious kind of apricot, called by the Persians tokm- -shems, signifying sun's seed." *Description of Persia.*

¶ "Sweetmeats a crystal cup, consisting of rose-leaves in nserve, with lemon or Visna cherry, orange flowers, etc." *Russell.*

** "Antelopes cropping the fresh berries of Erac." The oallakat, Poem of Tarafa.

Vases to grace the halls of kings.
Wines too, of every clime and hue,
Around their liquid lustre threw;
Amber Rosolli,†—the bright dew
From vineyards of the Green-Sea gush
And SHIRAZ wine, that richly ran
As if that jewel, large and rare,
The ruby, for which CUBLAI-CHAN
Offer'd a city's wealth,‖ was blushing
Melted within the goblets there!

And amply SELIM quaffs of each,
And seems resolv'd the floods shall rea
His inward heart—shedding around
A genial deluge, as they run,
That soon shall leave no spot undrown
For Love to rest his wings upon.

He little knew how well the boy
Can float upon a goblet's streams,
Lighting them with his smile of joy;—
As bards have seen him, in their dre

* Mauri-ga-Sima, an island near Formosa su
[illegible] in the sea for the crimes of its inh

'n the blue GANGES laughing glide
pon a rosy lotus wreath,*
:hing new lustre from the tide
ıat with his image shone beneath.

what are cups, without the aid
' song to speed them as they flow?
see—a lovely Georgian maid,
ith all the bloom, the freshen'd glow
:r own country maidens' looks,
n warm they rise from TEFLIS' brooks;†
with an eye, whose restless ray,
ıll, floating, dark—oh he, who knows
ıeart is weak, of heav'n should pray
ı guard him from such eyes as those!—
ı a voluptuous wildness flings
snowy hand across the strings
syrinda,‡ and thus sings:—

---

e hither, come hither—by night and by day,
e linger in pleasures that never are gone;
the waves of the summer, as one dies away
ıother as sweet and as shining comes on.
the Love that is o'er, in expiring gives birth
ı a new one as warm, as unequall'd in bliss;

The Indians feign that Cupid was first seen floating down
ınges on the Nymphæa Nelumbo. v. *Pennant.*

:flis is celebrated for its natural warm baths.—v. *Ebn*
al.

The indian Syrinda or guitar." *Symes.*

worth,
When the sigh and the tea
And own if there be an Elysi
It is this, it is this

Here sparkles the nectar that
Could draw down those an
sphere,
Who for wine of this earth‡ le
And forgot heaven's stars
here.
And, bless'd with the odour ou
What Spirit the sweets of hi
For ah! if there be an Elysiu
It is this, it is this.

The Georgian's song was scarc
When the same measure, sounc

* "Delightful are the flowers of

caught up by another lute,
nd so divinely breath'd around,
t all stood hush'd and wondering,
nd turn'd and look'd into the air,
f they thought to see the wing
SRAFIL.* the Angel, there ;—
owerfully on every soul
t new, enchanted measure stole.
le now a voice, sweet as the note
ne charm'd lute, was heard to float
ıg its chords, and so entwine
s sound with theirs, that none knew whether
voice or lute was most divine,
ɔ wond'rously they went together ;

---

re's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has
told,
'hen two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
h heart never changing and brow never cold,
ove on through all ills, and love on till they die
hour of a passion so sacred is worth
'hole ages of heartless and wandering bliss ;
l oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

---

as not the air, 'twas not the words,
that deep magic in the chords
l in the lips, that gave such power
music knew not till that hour.

* The Angel of Music, v. note, p. 250.

Deepest of all,
Some minutes rapt, as in a trance,
After the fairy sounds were o'er,
Too inly touch'd for utterance,
Now motion'd with his hand for m

Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee
But oh! the choice what heart c
Of tents with love, or thrones v

Our rocks are rough, but smilin
Th' acacia waves her yellow
Lonely and sweet, nor lov'd t
For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down
The silvery-footed antelope
As gracefully and gaily spri
As o'er the marble courts of

Then come—thy Arab mai

As if the very lips and eyes
Predestin'd to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breath'd and shone;
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if lov'd for years!

Then fly with me,—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn,

Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,
Fresh as the fountain under ground
When first 'tis by the lapwing found.*

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipp'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruin'd place;—

Then fare thee well—I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine!

There was a pathos in this lay,
That, ev'n without enchantment's art,

* The Hudhud or Laping, is supposed to have the power of discovering water under ground.

its way
g heart;
ıe
known;
ın the touch
o much!
ıe cup,—
is sweet air,
d, up,
c there,—
ınam'd,
aim'd,
JRMAHAL!
his witching strain,
ıee all,
eyes again.

n is wrought—
ıs caught,
r bright,
ım's Light!
ns enhance
ten'd glance;
wning smile
while;
her sighs,
d reposes,
ıughing eyes,
Feast of Roses!"

FADLADEEN, at the conclusion of this light rhapsody, took occasion to sum up his opinion of the young Cashmerian's poetry,—of which, he trusted, they had that evening heard the last. Having recapitulated the epithets, "frivolous"—"inharmonious"—"nonsensical," he proceeded to say that, viewing it in the most favourable light, it resembled one of those Maldivian boats, to which the Princess had alluded in the relation of her dream,*—a slight, gilded thing, sent adrift without rudder or ballast, and with nothing but vapid sweets and faded flowers on board. The profusion, indeed, of flowers and birds, which this poet had ready on all occasions,—not to mention dews, gems, etc.—was a most oppressive kind of opulence to his hearers; and had the unlucky effect of giving to his style all the glitter of the flower-garden without its method, and all the flutter of the aviary with its song. In addition to this, he chose his subjects badly, and always most inspired by the worst parts of them. The charms of paganism, the merits of rebellion,—these were the themes honoured with his particular enthusiasm; and, in the poem just recited, one of his most palatable passages was in praise of that beverage of the Unfaithful, wine; "being, perhaps," said he, relaxing into a smile, as conscious of his own character in the Haram on this point, "one of those bards, whose fancy owes all its illu-

* V. page 213.

they had [illegible]
the most tiresome part of [illegible]
ever other merits this well-dressed
man might possess—poetry was b
proper avocation: "and indeed,
critic, "from his fondness for flow
I would venture to suggest that
catcher is a much more suitabl
than a poet."

They had now begun to asc
mountains, which separate Cash
of India; and, as the heats wo
the time of their encampment
hours necessary for refreshme
was an end to all their delight
LA ROOKH saw no more of Fe
that her short dream of hap
that she had nothing but the
blissful hours, like the one d
that serves the camel acro
her heart's refreshment dur
[illegible] that was before her. [illegible] fou

of the lively and beautiful LALLA ROOKH, whom the poets of Delhi had described as more perfect than the divinest images in the House of Azor, he should recieve a pale and inanimate victim, upon whose cheek neither health nor pleasure bloomed, and from whose eyes Love had fled,—to hide himself in her heart!

If any thing could have charmed away the melancholy of her spirits, it would have been the fresh airs and enchanting scenery of that Valley, which the Persians so justly called the Unequalled.* But neither the coolness of its atmosphere, so luxurious after toiling up those bare and burning mountains—neither the splendour of the minarets and pagodas, that shone out from the depth of its woods, nor the grottos, hermitages, and miraculous fountains, which make every spot of that region holy ground;—neither the countless water-falls, that rush into the Valley from all those high and romantic mountains that encircle it, nor the fair city on the Lake, whose houses, roofed with flowers, appeared at a distance like one vast variegated parterre;—not all these wonders and glories of the most lovely country under the sun could steal her heart for a minute from those sad thoughts, which but darkened and grew bitter every step she advanced.

The gay pomps and processions that met her upon her entrance into the Valley, and the magnificence with which the roads all along were decorated, did honour to the taste and gallantry of the young King. It was night when they approached

* Kachmire be Nazeer.—*Forster.*

illuminated in ....
of the triple-coloured tort
times, from a dark wood
display of fireworks wo
and so brilliant, that a l
that grove, in whose pu
tles was born, bursting i
of his birth.—While, a
playful irradiation con
fields and gardens by w
line of dancing lights
meteors of the north
hunters, who pursue th
the confines of the Icy

These arches and fi
dies of the Princess c
usual good logic, they
illuminations, that th
make the most exem
Nor, indeed, could La
ing the kindness and

.hen she was, for the first time, to be pre-
to the monarch in that Imperial Palace be-
the lake, called the Shalimar. Though a
of more wakeful and anxious thought had
een passed in the Happy Valley before, yet,
he rose in the morning and her Ladies came
her, to assist in the adjustment of the bridal
ents, they thought they had never seen her
alf so beautiful. What she had lost of the
and radiancy of her charms was more than
ip by that intellectual expression, that soul
eyes which is worth all the rest of loveliness.
hey had tinged her fingers with the Henna
d placed upon her brow a small coronet of
of the shape worn by the ancient Queens of
ia, they flung over her head the rose-colour-
lal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that
convey her across the lake;—first kissing,
mournful look, the little amulet of cornelian
ier father had hung about her neck at part-

morning was at fair as the maid upon whose
s it rose, and the shining Lake, all covered
oats, the minstrels playing upon the shores
islands, and the crowded summer houses on
een hills around, with shawls and banners
from their roofs, presented such a picture
nated rejoicing, as only she, who was the
of it all, did not feel with transport. To
Rookh alone it was a melancholy pageant;
uld she have ever borne to look upon the
were it not for a hope that, among the
around, she might once more perhaps catch

slave upon whom the rig
In the barge immediatel
FADLADEEN, with his silk
apart, that all might have
presence, and with his h
was to deliver to the King
and literature, and the C
with."

They had now entere
from the Lake to the spl
of the Shalimar, and gl
ascending from each ban
that made the air all
middle of the canal rose
unbroken, to such a d
stood like pillars of diar
ter sailing under the a
they at length arrived at
cent, where the monarc
his bride; and such was
and frame, that it was wi

on the [illegible]ance of LALLA ROOKH into the saloon, the monarch descended from his throne to meet her; but scarcely had he time to take her hand in his, when she screamed with surprise and fainted at his feet. It was FERAMORZ himself that stood before her!—FERAMORZ was, himself, the Sovereign of Bucharia, who in this disguise had accompanied his young bride from Delhi, and, having won her love as an humble minstrel, now amply deserved to enjoy it as a King.

The consternation of FADLADEEN at this discovery was, for the moment, almost pitiable. But change of opinion is a resource too convenient in courts for this experienced courtier not to have learned to avail himself of it. His criticisms were all, of course, recanted instantly; he was seized with an admiration of the King's verses, as unbounded, as, he begged him to believe, it was disinterested; and the following week saw him in possession of an additional place, swearing by all the Saints of Islam that never till there existed so great a poet as the Monarch, ALIEIS, and ready to prescribe his favourite regimen of the Chabuk for every man, woman, and child that dared to think otherwise.

Of the happiness of the King and Queen of Bucharia, after such a beginning, there can be but little doubt; and, among the lesser symptoms, it is recorded of LALLA ROOKH, that, to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey, she never called the King by any other name than FERAMORZ.

VOLUME FIR

Page 22.

THESE particulars of the visit
charia to Aurungzebe are found
Hindostan, vol. iii. p. 392.

Page 22.

Leila.

The Mistress of Mejnoun,
many romances, in all the lan
founded.

Page 22

Shirine

For the loves of this celebr
and with Ferhad, v. *D'H*

ıperor, is the permission to wear a small kettle at the bows of their saddles, which at first was :d for the training of hawks, and to call them ure, and is worn in the field by all sportsmen end."—*Fryer's* Travels.

ose on whom the king has conferred the privi- ıst wear an ornament of jewels on the right the turban, surmounted by a high plume of thers of a kind of egret. This bird is found Cashmere, and the feathers are carefully col- or the King, who bestows them on his nobles." *stone's* Account of Caubul.

Page 22.

Khedar Khan, etc.

ıedar Khan, the Khakan, or King of Turques- ·ond the Gihon (at the end of the eleventh cen- 'henever he appeared abroad was preceded by undred horsemen with silver battle-axes, and lowed by an equal number bearing maces of He was a great patron of poetry, and it was used to preside at public exercises of genius, ur basins of gold and silver by him to distri- nong the poets who excelled."—*Richardson's* ation prefixed to his Dictionary.

Page 23.

The gilt pine-apples, etc.

e kubdeh, a large golden knob, generally in pe of a pine-apple, on the top of the canopy ıe litter or palanquin."—*Scott's* notes on the anush.

Page 23.

.e rose-coloured veils of the Princess's litter.

e poem of Zohair, in the Moallakat, there is owing lively description of "a company of 's seated on camels."

ey are mounted in carriages coverd with cost- ngs, and with rose-coloured veils, the linings :h have the hue of crimson Andem-wood.

ıen they ascend from the bosom of the vale, forward on the saddle-cloths, with every f a voluptuous gaiety.

A young female slave sat fanning her,

See *Bernier's* description of the attendant
chanara-Begum in her progress to Cashme

Page 23.

Religion, of which Arrungzebe was a mun
tector.

This hypocritical Emperor would have r
thy associate of certain Holy Leagues.—
the cloak of religion (says Dow) between
and the vulgar; and impiously thanked
for a success which he owed to his own
When he was murdering and persecu
thers and their families, he was buildi
cent mosque at Delhi, as an offering t
assistance to him in the civil wars.
high-priest at the consecration of this
made a practics of attending divine se
the humble dress of a Fakeer. But w
one hand to the Divinity, he, with the
warrants for the assassination of his
History of Hindostan, vol. iii. p. 335.
curious letter of Aurungzebe, given i
Collections, vol. i. p. 320.

Page 23.

of the id

Page 21.

Lake of Pearl.

"In the neighborhood is Notte Gill, or the Lake of Pearl, which receives this name from its pelucid water."—*Pennant's* Hindostan.

"Nasir Jung, encamped in the vicinity of the Lake of Tonoor, amused himself with sailing on that clear and beautiful water, and gave it the fanciful name of Motee Talab, 'the Lake of Pearls, which it still retains."—*Wilke's* South of India.

Page 24.

Described by one from the Isles of the West, etc.

Sir Thomas Roe, Ambassador from James I. to Jehanguire.

Page 24.

Loves of Wamak and Ezra.

"The romance Wemakweazra, written in Persian verse, which contains the loves of Wamak and Ezra, two celebrated lovers who lived before the time of Mahomet."—*Note on the Oriental Tales.*

Page 24.

Of the fair-haired Zal, and his mistress Rodahver.

Their amour is recounted in the Shah-Nameh of Ferdousi; and there is much beauty in the passage which describes the slaves of Rodahver, sitting on the river, and throwing flowers into the stream, in order to draw the attention of the young Hero who is encamped on the opposite side.—v. *Champion's* Translation.

Page 24.

The combat of Rustam with the terrible white Dæmon.

Rustam is the Hercules of the Persians. For the particulars of his victory over the Sepeed Deove, or White Demon, v. *Oriental Collections*, vol. ii. p. 45. Near the city of Shirauz is an immense quadrangular monument in commemoration of this combat, called the Kelaat-i-Deev Sepeed, or Castle of the White Giant, which Father Angelo, in his Gazophylacium

"The women of the Ta
Pagoda, have little golden bells fa
the soft harmonious tinkling of wh
son with the exquisite melody
Maurice's Indian Antiquities.

"The Arabian courtezans, lik
have little golden bells fastened
and elbows, to the sound of whi
the King. The Arabian princes
on their fingers, to which litt
as in the flowering tresses of
superior rank may be known
receive in passing, the homage
met's Dictionary, art. Bells.

Page

That delicion

"Abou-Tige, ville de la
coup de pavot noir, dont se
D'Herbelot.

Pa

That idol of

"He and the three Ra
of perfect beauty; and
all passionately in
hour the

Page 27.

The veiled Phrophet of Khorasan.
he real history of this Impostor, whose origi-
ıc was Haken ben Haschem, and who was
Mocanna from the veil of silver gauze (or, as
ay, golden) which he always wore. v. *D'Her-*

Page 27.

owerets and fruits blush over every stream.
ı fruits of Meru are finer that those of any
ace; and one cannot see in any other city
laces, with groves, and streams and gardens."
ukahl's Geography.

Page 27.

For, far less luminous, his votaries said,
Were ev'n the gleams, miraculously shed
D'er Moussa's cheek.
disciples assuraient qu'il se couvrait le visage,
pas eblouir ceux qui l'approchaient par l'eclat
visage comme Moyse "—*D'Herbelot.*

Page 28.

In hatred of the Caliph's hue of night.
aut remarquer ici, touchant les habits blancs
iples de Hakem, que la couleur des habits, des
s et des etendards des Khalifes Abassides
noire, ce chef de Rebelles ne pouvait pas en
une qui lui fut plus opposee.—*D'Herbelot.*

Page 28.

Javelins of the light Kathaian reed.
dark javelins, exquisitely wrought of Ka-
eeds, slender and delicate."—*Poem of Amru.*

Page 28.

ed with the stems that bloom on Iran's rivers.
Persians call this plant Gaz. The celebrated
Isfendiar, one of their ancient heroes, was
f it.—" Nothing can be more beautiful than

Like a

The oriental plan
tree: its bole is of a
its foliage, which gro
a bright green."—*M*

With turban'd
Bowing before
Like tulip beds

"The name of tul
traction, and given t
sembling a turban."
tions.

With
And fur-bound l

"The inhabitants
bonnet, shaped muc
a large fur border.
middle with a girdle
time round the body.
tory, in Pinkerton's (

stand upon, the men placing themselves on his right hand and the spirits on his left; and that, when all were in order, the wind, at his command, took up the carpet, and transported it, with all that were upon it, wherever he pleased; the army of birds at the same time flying over their heads, and forming a kind of canopy to shade them from the sun."---*Sale's* Koran, vol. ii. p. 214. note.

Page 32.

. . . *and thence descending flow'd*
Through many a Prophet's breast.

This is according to D'Herbelot's account of the doctrines of Mokanna:---" Doctrine etait que Dieu avait pris une forme et figure humaine depuis qu'il eut commande aux Anges d'orer Adam, le premier des hommes. Qu apres la mort d'Adam, Dieu etait apparu sous la figure de plusieurs Prophetes, et autres grands hommes qu'il avait choisis, jusqu'a ce qu'il prit celle d'Abu Moslem Prince he Khorassan, lequel professait l'erreur de la Tenassukhiah ou Metempsychose; it qu'apres la mort de ce Prince, la Divinite etait passee, et descendue en sa personne."

Page 45.

Such Gods as he,
Whom India serves, the monkey Deity.

" Apes are in many parts of India highly venerated, out of respect to the God Hannaman, a deity partaking of the form of that race."----*Pennant's* Hindoostan.

See a curious account in *Stephen's Persia* of a solemn embassy from some part of the Indies to Goa, when the Portuguese were there, offering vast treasures for the recovery of a monkey's tooth. which they held in great veneration, and which had been taken away upon the conquest of the kingdom of Jafanapatan.

To bend in worship, [illegible]

This resolution of Eblis not to [illegible] new creature, man, was, according to [illegible] tradition, thus adopted:---"The earth (had selected for the materials of his wo ried into Arabia, to a place between Mec ef, where, being first kneaded by the Ar afterwards fashioned by God himself i form, and left to dry for the space of fo as others say, as many years; the s mean time, often visiting it, and Eblis (t angels nearest to God's presence, after vil) among the rest; but he not conten ing at it, kicked it with his foot till it ru ing God designed that creature to b took a secret resolution never to ackno arch."---*Sale* on the Koran.

Page 46.

Where none but priests are privile
In that best *marble of which God*
The material of which images Birman Deity) is made, is held sa may not purchase the marble in ma ed, and indeed encouraged, to by fig already made."—*Symen's Ava*, vol.

Page 53.

The puny bird that dares, with
Within the crocodile's stretch'd
[illegible]ming-bird is said to ru [illegible]odile'

Page 56.

rtists of Yamtcheou having been sent on previously.

Feast of Lanterns is celebrated at Yampt-
ith more magnificence than any where else;
report goes, that the illuminations there are
did, that an Emperor once, not daring openly
his Court to go thither, committed himself
Queen and several Princesses of his family
hands of a magician, who promised to trans-
m thither in a thrice. He made them in the
ascend magnificent thrones that were borne
swans, which in a moment arrived at Yamt-
The Emperor saw at his leisure all the so-
, being carried upon a cloud that hovered over
and descended by degrees; and came back
ith the same speed and epuipage, nobody at
rceiving his absence."—*The present State of*
). 156.

Page 56.

Artificial sceneries of bamboo-work.

description of the nuptials of Vizier Alec in
tic Annual Register of 1804.

Page 56.

igin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations.

vulgar ascribe it to an accident that happen-
e family of a famous mandarin, whose daugh-
ing one evening upon the shore of a lake, fell
was drowned; this afflicted father, with his
ran thither, and, the better to find her, he
a great compaay of lanterns to be lighted.
inhabitants of the place thronged after him
ches. The year ensuing they made fires upon
res the same day; they continued the cere-
ery year, every one lighted his lantern, and
rees it commenced into a custom."—*Present*
China.

Page 59.

The Kohol's jetty dye.

ie of these ladies," says *Shaw*, "take them

tice of, we find that where Jezel
ix. 30,) *to have painted her face*, tl
she adjusted her eyes with the po
Shaw's Travels.

Page 64.

About the gardens, drunk wit.
Tavernier adds, that while th
lie in this intoxicated state, the e
off their legs, and that hence it
have no feet.

Page 65.

As they were captives to the K
"They deferred it till the King
ascend his throne of enamelled
hardanush.

Page 66.

But a light golden chain-work r
"One of the head-dresses of th
composed of a light golden ch
small pearls, with a thin gold pl
the bigness of a crown-piece, on

Yezdecas, and drink the wine of Shiraz."—*Tavernier.*

Page 70.

And his floating eyes—oh! they resemble
Blue water-lilies.

"Whose wanton eyes resemble blue water-lilies, agitated by the breeze."—*Jayadeva.*

Page 71.

To muse upon the pictures that hung round.

It has been generally supposed that the Mahomedans prohibit all pictures of animals; but *Toderini* shews that, though the practice is forbidden by the Koran, they are not more averse to painted figures and images than other people. From Mr. Murphy's work, too, we find that the Arabs of Spain had no objection to the introduction of figures into painting.

Page 72.

Like her own radiant planet of the west,
Whose orb when half retir'd looks loveliest.

This is not quite astronomically true. "Dr. Hadley (says Keil) has shewn that Venus is brightest, when she is about forty degrees removed from the sun; and that then but *only a fourth part* of her lucid disk is to be seen from the earth."

Page 72.

With her from Saba's bowers, in whose bright eyes
He read, that to be bless'd, is to be wise.

"In the palace which Solomon ordered to be built against the arrival of the Queen of Saba, the floor or pavement was of transparent glass, laid over running water in which fish were swimming." This led the Queen into a very natural mistake, which the Koran has not thought beneath its dignity to commemorate. "It was said unto her, Enter the palace. And when she saw it she imagined it to be a great water; and she discovered her legs by lifting up her robe to pass through it. Whereupon Solomon said to her, Verily, this is the place even floored with glass."—Chap. 27.

young Hebrew slave has given rise to
ed poem in the Persian language, ent
Zelikha, by *Noureddin Jami*; the ma
which in the Bodleian Library at Oxf
to be the finest in the whole world."—
Translation of Hafez.

Page 82.

The apples of Istakhar
"In the territory of Istakhar there
ple, half of which is sweet and half s
kal.

Page 82.

They saw a young Hindoo girl u
For an account of this ceremony
Voyage in the Indian Ocean.

Page 82.

The Otontala or Sea of
"The place where the Whangho,
rises, and where there are more
springs, which sparkle like stars; w
Hotun hor, that is, the Sea of Stars."
Tibet in Pinkerton.

/ built by enchantment. Even those who leave ir houses in cities to follow the prince in his pro- ss are frequently so charmed with the Lescar, en situated in a beautiful and convenient place, t they cannot prevail with themselves to remove. prevent this inconvenience to the court, the Em- or, after sufficient time is allowed to the tradesmen ollow, orders them to be burnt out of their tents." *Dow's* Hindostan.

Colonel Wilks gives a lively picture of an Eastern ampment.---"His camp, like that of most Indian nies, exhibited a motley collection of covers from scorching sun and dews of the night, variegated cording to the taste or means of each individual, by ensive inclosures of coloured calico surrounding erb suits of tents; by ragged cloths or blankets etched over sticks or branches; palm leaves hasti- spread over similar supports; handsome tents and endid canopies; horses, oxen, elephants, and ca- ls; all intermixed without any exterior mark of or- or design, except the flags of the chiefs, which ally mark the centres of a congeries of these mass- The only regular part o the encampment being streets of shops, each of which is constructed arly in the manner of a booth at an English fair."--- *istorical Sketches of the South of India.*

Page 84.

And camels tufted o'er with Yemen's shells.

"A superb camel, ornamented with strings, and ts of small shells."---*Ali Bey.*

Page 85.

The tinkling throngs
Of laden camels, and their drivers' songs.

"Some of the camels have bells about their necks, id some about their legs, like those which our car- ers put about their fore-horses' necks, which togeth- with the servants (who belong to the camels, and avel on foot,) singing all night, make a pleasant oise, and the journey passes away delightfully."---- *itt's* Account of the Mahometans.

"The camel-driver follows the camels singing, and ometimes playing upon his pipe: the louder he sings nd pipes, the faster the camels go. Nay, they will

only in the ... passes rapidly, and is fatal to the in the middle of the deserts. T sand roll before it. the firmamen thick veil. and the sun appears of Sometimes whole caravans are bu

Page 95.

—The pillar'd

Of Parviz

There were said to be under t ace of Khosrou Parvis a hundre —' treasures so immense, that som tell us, their Prophet, to encoure ried them to a rock, which at and gave them a prospect throu of Khosrou."---*Universal Histo*

Page 96.

And they beheld an orb amp
Rise from the Holy Well.

We are not told more of this than that it was "une machine, ne." According to Richardso petuated in Nekscheb.---"Nak ty in Transoxiania, where they which the appearance of the m

ıg suspended before it.---v. *Harmer's* Observations ob.

Page 100.

Engines of havoc in, unknown before.

'hat they knew the secret of the Greek fire among Mussulmans early in the eleventh century ap rs from *Dow's* Account of Mamood I. "When he ved at Moultan, finding that the country of the was defended by great rivers, he ordered fifteen dred boats to be built, each of which he armed ı six iron spikes, projecting from their prows and ıs, to prevent their being boarded by the enemy.) were very expert in that kind of war. When he launched this fleet, he ordered twenty archers in ach boat, and five others with fire-balls, to burn craft of the Jits, and naptha to set the whole ri on fire."

'he *agnee aster*, too, in Indian poems, the Instru ıt of Fire, whose flames cannot be extinguished. upposed to signify the Greek Fire—v. *Wilks'* th of India. vol. i. p. 471.—And in the curious Ja poem, the *Brata Yudha*, given by Mr. *Raffles* in History of Java, we find, "He aimed at the Heart Poeta with the sharp-pointed Weapon of Fire."

'he mention of gunpowder as in use among the bians, long before its supposed discovery in Eu e, is introduced by *Ebn Fadhl*, the Egyptian geo ɔher, who lived in the thirteenth century. "Bo ," he says, "in the form of scorpions, bound ıd and filled with nitrous powder, glide along, ing a gentle noise; then, exploding, they lighten it were, and burn. But there are others, which : into the air, stretch along like a cloud, roaring ribly, as thunder roars, and on all sides vomiting flames, burst, burn, and reduce to cinders whate comes in their way." The historian *Ben Abdal* n speaking of the siege of Abulualid in the year of Hegira 712, says, "A fiery globe by means of ıbustible matter, with a mighty noise suddenly tted, strikes with the force of lightning, and shake citadel."—v. the extracts from *Casiri's* Biblioth ıb. Hispan. in the Appendix to *Berington's* Litera History of the Middle Ages.

water, "Though the weather,"
very cold, the warmth of these
produced near them the verd
spring."

Major Scott Waring says th
the Persians, as we are told it v

. . . . . .

Of stary lamps and blazing
With naptha and asphaltus,
As from a sky.

Page 107,

Thou seest yon cistern in the
With burning drugs for this

"Il donna du poison dans le v
se jetta lui-meme ensuite dans u
gues brulantes et consumantes,
rien de tous les membres de son
restaient de sa secte puissent c
au ciel, ce qui ne manqua pas
Bélot.

Page 113.

To eat any mangoes but those o
course, impossi

"The celebrity of Mazagong

Page 113.

His fine antique porcelain.

This old porcelain is found in digging, and "if it is esteemed, it is not because it has acquired any new degree of beauty in the earth, but because it has retained its ancient beauty, and this alone is of great importance in China, where they give large sums for the smallest vessels which were used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang, at which time porcelain began to be used by the Emperors," (about the year 442.)—*Dunn's* Collection of curious Observations, etc.—a bad translation of some parts of the Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses of the Missionary Jesuits.

Page 117.

That sublime bird, which flies always in the air.

"The Humma, a bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground: it is looked upon as a bird of happy omen, and that every head it overshades will in time wear a crown."—*Richardson.*

In the terms of alliance made by Fuzzel Oola Khan with Hyder in 1760, one of the stipulations was, "that he should have the distinction of two honorary attendants standing behind him, holding fans composed of the feathers of the humma, according to the practice of his family."—*Wilks's* South of India. He adds in a note: "The Humma is a fabulous bird. The head over which its shadow once passes will assuredly be circled with a crown. The splendid little bird, suspended over the throne of Tippoo Sultaun, found at Seringapatam in 1799, was intended to represent this poetical fancy."

Page 118.

Whose words, like those on the Written Mountain, last for ever.

"To the pilgrims to Mount Sinai we must attribute the inscriptions, figures, etc. on those rocks, which have from thence acquired the name of the Written Mountain."—*Volney.* M. Gebelin and others have been at much pains to attach some mysterious and important meaning to these inscriptions; but Niebuhr,

Page 118.

From the dark hyacinth to which l
mistress's hair.

Vide *Nott's Hafez*, Ode v.

Page 118.

To the Camalata by whose rosy blos
fura is scented.

"The Camalata (called by Linnæ
most beautiful of its order, both i
form of its leaves and flowers; its
are 'celestial rosy red, Love's prope
justly procured it the name of Can
Creeper."—*Sir W. Jones.*

"Camalata may also mean a myth
which all desires are granted to suc
heaven of Indra; and if ever flowe
paradise, it is our charming Ipomæa.

Page 118.

That Flower-loving Nymph, whom the
temples of Khathay.

"According to Father Premare in l
nese Mythology, the mother of Fo-hi
ter of heaven, surnamed Flower-

It appears, however, from a curious letter of the Sultan of Menangcabow, given by Marsden, that one place on earth may lay claim to the possession of it. "This is the Sultan, who keeps the flower Champaka that is blue, and to be found in no other country but his, being yellow elsewhere."—*Marsden's* Sumatra.

Page 122.

I know where the Isles of Perfume are.

Diodorus mentions the Isle of Panchaia, to the south of Arabia Felix, where there was a temple of Jupiter. This island, or rather cluster of isles, has disappeared, "sunk (says *Grandpre*) in the abyss made by the fire beneath their foundations."—*Voyage to the Indian Ocean.*

Page 123.

Whose air is balm, whose Ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds, etc.

"It is not like the Sea of India, whose bottom is rich with pearls and ambergris, whose mountains of the coast are stored with gold and precious stones, whose gulfs breed creatures that yield ivory, and among the plants of whose shores are ebony, red wood, and the wood of Hairzan, aloes, camphor, cloves, sandal-wood, and all other spices and aromatics; where parrots and peacocks are birds of the forest, and musk and civet are collected upon the lands." —*Travels of Two Mahommedans.*

Page 141.

Thy pillar'd shades.
. . . . . in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, *a pillar'd shade,*
High over-arch'd and echoing walks between.
MILTON.

For a particular description and plate of the Banyan-tree, v. *Cordiner's* Ceylon.

Page 125.

. . . . *blood like*
For Liberty shed, so holy

Objections may be made to my
berty, in this, and more especiall
follows it, as totally inapplicable t
that has ever existed in the East
not, of course, mean to employ
and noble sense which is so we
present day, and, I grieve to say,
yet it is no disparagement to the
that national independence, that
terference and dictation of foreig
indeed, no liberty of any kind can
both Hindoos and Persians fough
sulman invaders with, in many c
deserved much better success.

Page 125.

Afric's Lunar Mou

"Sometimes called," says *Jac*
rie, or the white or lunar-colour
white horse is called by the Arab
ed horse."

Page 128.

come down to eat human flesh in th
--*Bruce*.

Page 129.

But see,—who yonder comes.
cumstance has been often introduce
y Vincentius Fabricius, by Darwir
i very powerful effect, by Mr. Wils

Page 134.

The wild bees of Palestine.
ees, frequent in Palestine, in hollow t
i of trees, and the clefts of rocks
salm 81.), "*honey out of the stoney*
Oriental Customs.

Page 134.

ordon, those sweet banks of thine,
ods, so full of nightingales.
er Jordan is on both sides beset wi
id pleasant woods, among which thou
ules warble all together.--*Thevenot.*

Page 134.

On the brink
a small imaret's rustic fount.
hospice ou on loge et nourrit, grat
ndant trois jours."--*Toderini, tran*
de Cournand ---v. also *Castellan's M*
ns, tom. v. p. 145.

Page 136.

boy has started from the bed
owers, where he had laid his head,
down upon the fragrant sod
ls.
rks as at the common hours of pray
, or so employed as not to find conver
e Mosques, are still obliged to ex
nor are they ever known to fail, wh
ey are then about, but pray immed
our alarms them, whatever they are

and renewes his journey with the
ghell ghomum ghell, or, Come, c
Mungo Hill's Travels.

Page 141.

The Banyan Hosp

" This account excited a desire
van Hospital, as I had heard mu
ence, to all kinds of animals the
lame, or infirm, through age or ac
rival there were presented to my
cows and oxen, in one apartment
sheep, goats, and monkeys, with c
to repose on. Above stairs were d
of many sorts, and flat, broad dish
use of birds and insects."—*Pars*

It is said that all animals know
the most timid approach them, an
nearer to them than to other peop

Page 142.

Whose sweetness was not to be dra
the fragrant grass near the Gang
trampling upon them.

" A very fragrant grass from th
ges, near Heridwar, which in

NOTES.

Page 144.

d plates of gold and silver flowers, ove heads.

r rather," says *Scott*, upon the pas ıta, from which this is taken, "sma ed with the figure of a flower. They a n India to distribute in charity, and o :hrown by the purse-bearers of the great ıpulace."

Page 145.

His delectable valley of trees.

s road is 250 leagues in length. It has ıids or turrets," says *Bernier*, "erected :ague, to mark the ways, and frequent v drink to passengers, and to water the ,

Page 146.

: clear, cold waters of which floated multit the beautiful red lotus.

ere is a large pagoda by a tank, on the ich float multitudes of the beautiful red ıwer is larger than that of the white w d is the most lovely of the nymphæas —*Mrs. Graham's* Journal of a reside

Page 147.

nany hundred years since had fled hithe their Arab conquerors.

n les voit, persecutes par les Khalifes, ns les montagnes du Kerman: plusieurs our retraite la Tartarie et la Chine; d erent sur les bords du Gagne, a l'est de l *Anquetil*, Memoires de l'Academie, tom

...bar w
this Para
such a for
Kahn, was
nant.

Hi
Voltaire te
bres," he wa
the Jansenists
story of the F
a similar doub

Who, l
"In the midst
a large room, co
tain in the midst o
and enclosed with
jessamines, and h
wall; large trees a
is the scene of thei
W. Montague.

ɜaning of the following mute intercourse of two 'ers before their parents.

"He, with salute of deference due,
A lotus to his forehead prest;
She rais'd her mirror to his view,
Then turned it inward to her breast"
Asiatic Miscellany, vol. ii.

Page 156.

. . . *th' untrodden solitude*
Of Ararat's tremendous peak.

Struy says, "I can well assure the reader that ir opinion is not true, who suppose this mount to inaccessible." He adds that "the lower part of mountain is cloudy, misty and dark, the middle-st part very cold and like clouds of snow, but the ɔer regions perfectly calm."—It was on this moun-n that the Ark was supposed to have rested after Deluge, and part of it they say exists there still, ich Struy thus gravely accounts for:---Whereas ıe can remember that the air on the top of the hill ever change or was subject either to wind or rain, ich is presumed to be the reason that the Ark has lured so long without being rotten."---v. *Carreri's* avels, where the Doctor laughs at this whole ac-ınt of Mount Ararat.

Page 162.

The Gheber belt that round him clung.

'Pour se distinguer des Idolatres de l'Inde, les ebres se ceignent tous d'un cordon de laine, ou de l de chameau."---*Encyclopedie Francaise.*
D'Herbelot says this belt was generally of leather.

Page 162.

Who morn and even
Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
Among the living lights of Heaven.

'As to fire, the Ghebers place the spring head of n that globe of fire, the Sun, by them called Mi-as, or Mihir, to which they pay the highest reve-ıce, in gratitude for the manifold benefits flowing m its ministerial omniscience. But they are so

reserving
duction of divine po
The false charges
these people by their
proof among many
mark, "that calumn
but for the sake of ju

That tree which grou

"Within the enclos
nument (at Gualior) is
of Tan-Sein, a musicia
flourished at the court
shadowed by a tree, con
notion prevails that t
give an extraordinary n
tive of a Journey from A
Esq.

Pa

The awful signal

"It is usual to place a
fixed to a bamboo staff of
the place where a tiger h
common for th

NOTES.

Tree of Councils; the first, from the idols place
der its shade; the second because meetings were
under its cool branches. In some places it is bel
to be the haunt of spectres, as the ancient spre
oaks of Wales have been of fairies: in other
erected, beneath the shade, pillars of stone, or p
elegantly carved and ornamented with the most
tiful porcelain to supply the use of mirrors."-
nant.

Page 167.

The nightingale now bends her flight.

"The nightingale sings from the pomegr
groves in the day-time, and from the loftiest tre
night."---*Russel's* Aleppo.

Page 171.

Before whose sabre's dazzling light, etc.

"When the bright cimiters make the eyes o
heroes wink."---*The Moallakat, Poem of Amru.*

Page 172.

As Lebanon's small mountain flood
Is rendered holy by the ranks
Of sainted cedars on its banks.

In the *Lettres Edifiantes*, there is a different c
assigned for its name of Holy. "In these are
caverns, which formerly served as so many cell
a great number of recluses, who had chosen t
retreats as the only witnesses upon earth of th
verity of their penance. The tears of these p
penitents gave the river of which we have just t
ed the name of the Holy River."---v. *Chateaubri*
Beauties of Christianity.

Page 174.

A rocky mountain o'er the sea
Of Oman beetling awfully.

This mountain is my own creation, as the "
pendous chain" of which I suppose it a link does
extend quite so far as the shores of the Persian
"This long and lofty range of mountains form

Page 1

That bold were Moslen
At twilight hour to ste
Beneath the Gheber's l

" There is an extraordina
hood, called Kohe Guhr or
It rises in the form of a lofty
mit of it, they say, are the re
or Fire Temple. It is supe
residence of Deeves or Spri
stories are recounted of th
suffered by those who essay
tend or explore it."---*Pottin*

Page 1

Still did the mighty

" At the city of Yedz in
guished by the appellation
Seat of Religion, the Guebr
an Atush Kudu or Fire Tem
has fire in it
aster) in their own compartm
this indulgence they are ind
the tolerance of the Persian
them at 25 rupees each ma

Page 179.

The Persian lily shines and towers.

"A vivid verdure succeeds the autumnal rains, and the ploughed fields are covered with the Persian lily, of a resplendent yellow colour."---*Russel's* Aleppo.

Page 184.

Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips.

"They say that there are apple-trees upon the sides of this sea, which bear very lovely fruit, but within are all full of ashes."—*Thevenot.* The same is asserted of the oranges there; v. *Witman's* Travels in Asiatic Turkey.

"The Asphalt Lake, known by the name of the Dead Sea, is very remarkable on account of the considerable proportion of salt which it contains. In this respect it surpasses every other known water on the surface of the earth. This great proportion of bitter tasted salts is the reason why neither animal nor plant can live in this water."---*Klaproth's* Chemical Analysis of the Water of the Dead Sea, Annals of Philosophy, January 1813. *Hasselquist,* however, doubts the truth of this last assertion, as there are shell-fish to be found in the lake.

Lord Byron has a similar allusion to the fruits of the Dead Sea, in that wonderful display of genius, his Third Canto of Childe Harold,---magnificent beyond any thing, perhaps, that even *he* has ever written,

Page 184.

While lakes that shone in mockery nigh.

The Suhrab or Water of the Desert is said to be caused by the rarefaction of the atmosphere from extreme heat: and, which augments the delusion, it is most frequent in hollows, where water might be expected to lodge. I have seen bushes and trees reflected in it with as much accuracy as though it had been the face of a clear and still lake."---*Pottinger.*

"As to the unbelievers, their works are like a vapour in a plain, which the thirsty traveller thinketh to be water, until when he cometh thereto, he findeth it to be nothing."---*Koran, chap. 24.*

Page 18

Where the sea-gipseys, who li

"The Biajus are of two re
on Borneo, and are a rude bu
ous nation, who reckon them
sessors of the island of Borne
cies of sea-gipsies or itinera
in small covered boats, and
mer on the eastern ocean, a
island to island, with the vari
In some of their customs this
the natives of the Maldivia isl
annually launch a small be
fumes, gums, flowers, and odo
it adrift at the mercy of winds
ing to the *Spirit of the Winds*
lar offerings are made to the
the King of the Sea. In like
form their offering to the god o
bark, loaded with all the sins
nation, which are imagined to
crew that may be so unlucky a
Dr. Leyden on the Languages
Indo-Chinese Nations.

Page 185

Page 185.

The pathetic measure of Nava.

f all she took a guitar, and sung a pathetic
measure called Nava, which is always used
the lamentations of absent lovers."—*Per-*

Page 188.

Her ruby rosary.

spih, qui est un chapelet, compose de 99
ıles d'agathe, de jaspe, d' ambre, de corail,
matiere precieuse. J'en ai vu un superbe
ır Jerpos ; il etait de belles et grosses per-
es et egales, estime trente mille piastres.—

Page 202.

ed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree of Nilica.

ms of the sorrowful Nyctanthes give a du-
ır to silk."—*Remarks on the husbandry of*
200.—Nilica is one of the Indian names of
—*Sir W. Jones.*—The Persians call it
reri.

Page 212.

en pitying heaven to roses turn'd
e death-flames that beneath him burned.

other Prophet Zoroaster, there is a story
on Prusæus, Orat. 36., that the love of wis-
virtue leading him to a solitary life upon a
he found it one day all in a flame, shining
tial fire, out of which he came without any
l instituted certain sacrifices to God, who,
ed, then appeared to him.—v. *Patrick* on
ij. 2.

Page 232.

ere not now far from that Forbidden River.

r on his way ordered a fort to be built upon
which he called Attock, which means in the

distich :

"Who is the man wit
that I may rub my hand t
"(Behold) the Zingian
frolicksome, with tipsiness
"The philosophers have
of this cheerfulness proce
the star Soheil or Canopu
every night."—*Extract fro*
Manuscript called Heft Akl
translated by W. Ouseley, E

Page 2

About two miles from Hussa
Gard

I am indebted for these pa
daul to the very interesting
phinstone's work upon Caub

Page 23

Putting to death some hundr
lizards.

"The lizard Stellio. The
The Turks kill it, for they im
the head, it mimics them whe
ers."—*Hasselqu*

top with a pavilion of the same stuff. The Turks say this mosque was made in that place, because Mahomet being come so far, would not enter the town, saying it was too delicious."—*Thevenot.* This reminds one of the following pretty passage in Isaac Walton: "when I sat last on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, "that they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holidays."

Page 235.

Would remind the Princess of that difference, etc.

"Haroun Al Raschid, Cinqueme Khalife des Abassidese, s'etant un jour brouille avec une de ses maitresses nommee Maridah, qu'il aimait cependant jusqu'a l'exces, et cette me sentelligence ayant deja dure quelque temps commenca a s'ennuyer. Giafar Barmaki, son favori, qui s'en appercut, commanda a Abbas ben Ahnaf, excellent Poete de ce temps-la, de composer quelques vers sur le sujet de cette brouillerie, Ce Poete executa l'ordre de Giafar, qui fit chanter ces vers par Moussali en presence du Khalife, et ce Prince fut tellement touche de la tendresse des vers du Poete et de la douceur de la voix du Musicien qu'il alla aussitot trouver Maridah, et fit sa paix avec elle."—*D'Herbelot.*

Page 239.

Where the silken swing.

"The swing is a favourite pastime in the East, as promoting a circulation of air, extremely refreshing in those sultry climates."—*Richardson.*

"The swings are adorned with festoons. This pastime is accompanied with music of voices and of instruments, hired by the masters of the swings."—*Thevenot.*

Page 240.

. . . . . *as if all the shores.*
Like those of Kathay, utter'd music and gave
An answer in song to the kiss of each wave.

This miraculous quality has been ascribed also to the shore of Attica. "Hujus littus atti Capella con-

The women in Egypt go, a
week, to pray and weep at the se
and the custom then is to thro'
sort of herb, which the Arabs ca
our sweet basil."—*Maillet*, Lett.

Page 252.

The mountain-herb that dye
The tooth of the fawn like

Niebuhr thinks this may be the
tern alchymists look too as a me
"Most of those alchymical enth
selves sure of success, if they co
herb, which gilds the teeth and g
to the flesh of the sheep that eat
this plant must be of a golden
Hascabschat ed aab."

Father Jerom Dandini, howeve
teeth of the goats at Mount Liba
colour; and adds, "this confirms
served in Candia; to wit, that th
on Mount Ida eat a certain herb, w
teeth of a golden colour; which,
judgment, cannot otherwise proce
mines which are under ground."—
to Mount Libanus.

succeedtng notes. Thus Sense, Memory, and Imagination are conjunctively employed."----*Gerrard* on Taste.

This is exactly the Epicurean theory of Pleasure, as explained by Cicero:---"Quocirca corpus gaudere tamdiu, dum præsentem sentiret voluptatem; animum et præsentem percipere pariter cum corpore et prospicere venientem, nec præteritam præterfluere sinere."

Madame de Stael accounts upon the same principle for the gratification we derive from *rhyme*:---"Elle est l'image de l'esperance et du souvenir. Un son nous fait desirer celui qui doit lue repondre, et quand le second retentit, il nous rapelle celui qui vient de nous echapper.

Page 255.

'Tie dawn, at least that earlier dawn,
Whose glimpses are again withdrawn.

The Persians have two mornings, the Soobhi Kasim and the Soobhi Sadig, the false and the real day-break. They account for this phenomenon in a most whimsical manner. They say that as the sun rises from behind the Kohi Qaf (Mount Caucasus,) it passes a hole perforated through that mountain, and that darting its rays through it, is the cause of the Soobhi Kazim, or this temporary appearance of day-break. As it ascends, the earth is again veiled in darkness, until the sun rises above the mountain and brings with it the Soobhi Sadig, or real morning.—*Scott Waring.* He thinks Milton may allude to this, when he says,

Ere the blabbing Eastern scout
The nice morn on the Indian steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep.

Page 256.

. . . *held a feast*
In his magnificent Shalimar.

"In the centre of the plain, as it approaches the Lake, one of the Delhi Emperors, I believe Shah Jehan, constructed a spacious garden called the Shalimar, which is abundantly stored with fruit trees and flowering shrubs. Some of the rivulets which intersect the plain are led into a canal at the back of the garden, and, flowing through its centre, or occasionally thrown into a variety of water-works, compose the

of the doors of the principal saloc
pieces of a stone of a black colour,
low lines, and of a closer grain and
porphyry. They were taken it is s
temple, by one of the Mogul Princ
ed of great value."—*Forster.*

Page 263.

And oh, if there be,

"Around the exterior of the Dev
ing of Shah Allum's) in the cornic
lines in letters of gold upon a gro
ble—'*If there be a paradise upon e*
this.'---*Franklin.*

Page 267.

Like that painted porc

"The Chinese had formerly the
the sides of porcelain vessels, fish
which were only perceptible when
of some liquor. They call this sp
is, *azure is put in press*, on accoun
which the azure is laid on."---"Tl
and then trying to recover the
painting, but to no purpose."---*Du*

Page 269.

The grottos, hermitages, and miraculous fountains.

"The pardonable superstition of the sequestered inhabitants has multiplied the places of worship of Mahadeo, of Beschan, and of Brama. All Cashmere is holy land, and miraculous fountains abound."---*Major Rennell's* Memoirs of a map of Hindostan.

Jehanguire mentions "a fountain in Cashmere called Trinagh, which signifies a snake; probably because some large snake had formerly been seen there"---"During the lifetime of my father, I went twice to this fountain which is about twenty coss from the city of Cashmree The vestiges of places of worship and sanctity are to be traced without number amongst the ruins and the caves, which are interspersed in its neighbourhood." --*Toozek Jehangeery*---v. *Asiat. Misc.* vol. 2.

There is another account of Cashmere by Abul Fazil, the author of the Ayin-Acbaree, "who," says *Major Rennell*, 'appears to have caught some of the enthusiasm of the Valley, by his descriptions of the holy places in it.'

Page 269.

Whose houses roof'd with flowers.

"On a standing roof of wood is laid a covering of fine earth, which shelters the building from the great quantity of snow that falls in the winter season. This fence communicates an equal warmth in winter, as a refreshing coolness in the summer season, when the tops of the houses, which are planted with a variety of flowers, exhibit at a distance the spacious view of a beautifully chequered parterre."---*Forster.*

Page 270.

Lanthorns of the triple coloured tortoise shell of Pegu:

"Two hundred slaves there are, who have no other office than to hunt the woods and marshes for triple coloured tortoises for the King's Viviary. Of the shells of these also lanthorns are made."---*Vincent le Blanc's* Travels.

This wind
na, is, accord
of the Last D
Another of
world, so that
grave shall say
—*Sale's* Prelim

Tha cer
"On Mahomm
capital of Dekka
mounted this thr
cence, calling it F
some old persons,
reign of Sultan Man
say that it was in
breadth; made of el
gold, and set with pr
Every prince of the
sed this Throne, mad
rich stones, so that wh
mood it was taken to
jewels to be set in ro
it at one

JUL 12 1935